Maine Farmer.

RICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Agricultural Exhibitions---1871.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, at Lowell, Mass., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 5th—8th.

County Exhibitions.

FRANKLIN, at Farmington, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4th and 5th.

NORTH FRANKLIN, at Strong, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4th and 5th.

KNOX, at Appleton, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 4th, 5th and 6th.

WALDO, at Belfast, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27th and 28th.

SOMERSET, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 12th and 13th.

CUMBERLAND, at Portland, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th.

KENNEBEC, at Readfield, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 27th and 28th.

SAGADAHOC, at Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th.

AROOSTOOK, at Houlton, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.

WEST WASHINGTON, at Jonesboro', Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20th and 21st.

Exhibition of Farmers' Clubs.

ORLAND, at Orland, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28th and 29th.

A Look at Some Belfast Gardens.

During our recent visit at Belfast, we spent a few hours in some of the finest gardens in the city, brief notes of which follow.

The grounds about the fine residence of Hon. James P. White are perhaps the most extensive and best laid out of any in the city, and the location itself is certainly unsurpassed for the magnificent views which it commands. Situated in the extreme southern part of the city where High and Church street form an angular junction, it affords a beautiful and extensive view of the harbor and bay of Belfast, taking in the Fox Islands, Mt. Desert islands, rock and light, with Bluehill at the extreme left, forming a grand view of one of the most enchanting spots on the coast of Maine. The flower garden is laid out with great taste, and presented a fine display of the standard and popular flowers, with a good sprinkling of those more rare. Several fine seedling geraniums were noticable not only for their beautiful foliage, but for their fine colors. Disposed about the lawn were several rustic vases bearing a profusion of bloom and foliage; while arbors, rustic seats, attractive supports for climbers and other artistic devices, together with the great variety of shrub and tree, combined to produce the most pleasing effect. Among the latter were the Rosemary-leaved Willow, Tamarix Africane, Pink Horse-chestnut, Cyprus, Double Deutzia—bearing a very delicate white and pink flower—Flowering Cherry, Fringe Tree, (white) and many others of the more common but still beautiful shrubs. A few choice plants for house culture were noticed upon the west verandah, among them a wax-plant (Hoya), Mexican climber (Cobea) several of the new coleus' a few lycopodiums, &c. The lawn gave ample space for the graceful game of croquet—the turf being of that genuine velvety appearance so desirable in a lawn—while every part of the grounds gave evidence not only of exquisite womanly taste, but the good culture and skill of the gardener.

Not far from Mr. White's is the residence of Hiram Chase, who has a great love for good fruit, and whose substantial place presented many objects of interest to those interested in fruit growing. We saw upon his grounds vines of the Concord, Creveling, Delaware, Hartford Prolific, Rogers' Hybrids, Iona, Israella and other grapes, all in a most vigorous condition, and well bearing. The Hartford Prolific ripens three out of four seasons. Although Mr. Chase was unable to inform us the distinct sorts of the Rogers' hybrids growing in his garden, yet he said they had given him the best satisfaction of any vines he had ever had. The Iona was fruiting for the first time with him. Mr. Chase has given considerable attention to pears, and has numerous fine and healthy trees upon his grounds, among them the Belle Lucrative, Duchesse d'Angouleme, Flemish Beauty, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Madeleine, &c. From the latter tree, he gathered on the 8th inst., half a bushel of splendid fruit. Downing says of this that it is "one of the most refreshing and excellent of the early pears." In a somewhat rough but very serviceable glass structure—erected mainly for the purpose of giving suitable protection to a Cambridge Belle peach tree (Hovey's seedling) —were a few vines, among them the White Muscat. The peach tree furnishes him annually with about two bushels of choice fruit. At the north of the house was a fine old orchard, some fifty trees in all, every one of which was heavily loaded, and giving the promise of a large crop. Indeed, we have not seen trees anywhere this season, bearing like those we saw here. They were all choice fall and winter sorts. Among those that are worthy of special mention was a low branching tree of the Newton Pippin class, known as Peck's Pleasant, the branches of which extended 32 feet across. Last year it produced, besides quite a quantity of windfalls, twenty bushels of fine fruit.

The residence and grounds of H. O. Alden, Esq., are among the most noteworthy in the city, although the location is not so eligable as that of his neighbor, Mr. White. Still the lawn was a fine one, barring its low and somewhat uneven surface, and the borders were so arranged as to present pleasing contrasts in the varieties of flowers grown. Our visit to this fine place was somewhat unsatisfactory, from the fact that the gentlemanly gardener, James Rose, an Englishman of but twelve months residence in this country, and who had been in charge of the garden but a few weeks, could give us but very little information concerning some of the rarest and most desirable plants which gave so much beauty to the place. A good vegetable garden, and a small cold grapery seemed to be the gardener's favorite pets.

Mr. David Pierce has a fine new place towards the northern extremity of the city, situated upon an eminence commanding a wide and pleasant view of the bay and its surroundings. The trees and vines have been set three and four years, and the fine house—a model dwelling, containing all the modern improvments—was built in 1868. From almost every window, one obtains extensive views of the beautiful harbor and city of Belfast, and the surrounding country to the northward, rendering the location one of the most desirable in the city. Upon the place are about 250 pear trees, comprising all the leading and popular sorts. Of course Mr. Pierce has been unable, in the limited time he has been engaged in their culture upon this place to show accurately what they will do, still this limited experience is worth something. Among those which he marks as hardy and satisfactory are the Buffum, Golden Beurre, Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Merriam, Beurre d'Anjou, Vicar of Winkfield and Louis Bonne de Jersey. Among those that have proved unsuccessful are the Seckle, Duchesse d'Angouleme, and Winter Nelis, as dwarfs. He commended the Beurre Superfin as a splendid pear, and one that had succeded exceedingly well with him. Some of the trees were suffering from the effects of the slug, but Mr. Pierce informed us that he regarded dry earth or calcined plaster thrown among the leaves as the best remedy. Of outdoor grapes he had several hundred vines, set one and two years that were looking well. Of strawberries he had Downer's and Jenny Lind.

At Mr. Pierce's was the only cold grapery of any pretensions we found in the city. It was a span-roof house, 22 by 62 feet, and contained nearly forty vines of the following varieties: Black, Golden, and Victoria Hamburgh, Trentham Black, White Frontignan and Black Alicant. This house had a cemented bottom, with a cistern provided with force pump, in the centre, and the system of opening and closing the windows by pulleys and weights was one of the most ingenious methods we have seen adopted.

Mr. Pierce kindly invited us into his house and shew us several oil paintings, the work of one of his sons, Philip L., who died a few years since at the early age of 23 years. Ten or a dozen of these were finished and displayed a high talent and skill; but by far the greater portion were deemed by their young master as failures, and never completed. Their subjects were chiefly landscapes, although a few portraits seemed to us to give evidence of extraordinary ability as a portrait painter. Had an early death not terminated his earthly existence, he would have taken honorable rank as an artist.

Among other gardens it would have afforded us great pleasure to visit, were those of Mr. Charles Heseltine, Mrs. H. N. Lancaster, Mrs. Alfred Johnson and Mrs. W. H. Burrill; but in some cases our rings were not answered, and in others we were deprived of sufficient time to make anything like a satifactory call.

What about a State Fair?

The Trustees of the State Agricultural Society met in this city on Tuesday of last week, to consult with interested parties in reference to having the annual exhibition held in this city. The result was that they deemed it inexpedient, to enter upon a Fair here, considering the inducements offered as insufficient to justify them in so doing. The citizens of Belfast having intimated a wish to procure the holding of the State Fair in that city, and feeling sure they could offer sufficient inducements to the Trustees, asked for a conference with them to this end. Consequently a committee of the Board proceeded to Belfast, and on Wednesday last met several prominent gentlemen of that place interested in the matter. During the day the grounds of the Waldo County Agricultural Society, situated about three-fourths of a mile from the city, together with the halls—Hayford's and Pierce's—were visited. The Trustees then proceeded to make up a schedule of the fixtures which they should require from the citizens to insure the holding of the Fair in that city. In the evening a meeting was held at the Court House, which was very well attended, and considerable interest manifested on the part of the citizens in regard to it. The Trustees presented the schedule of fixtures that would be demanded, with the conditions upon which a State Fair would be held, and gave, as nearly as they could estimate it, the expense of the same. At their request three days' time was given them in which to further "work up" the matter, and the Committee, having fulfilled their duties, adjourned. And here is where the matter stands at this writing.

A Fruit and Flower Show.

There is, if we are not in error, an association in existence called the "Kennebec Horticultural Society"—at least such a Society was incorporated a few years since, for the purpose of promoting horticultural and floral improvement, of obtaining and imparting information, and of holding an annual exhibition of fruits and flowers. For some reason it has not made much headway, and no exhibition has ever been held. But we do not see why a respectable and attractive fair cannot be arranged the present fall. A few dollars in money, obtained by granting membership privileges, a few days' work, and some enterprise on the part of those interested in good fruits and fine flowers for their own sakes, can, we feel sure, accomplish this object. We have no doubt that those who have rare and beautiful plants would gladly loan them for this purpose, and that all who love flowers, would contribute something to make up an attractive display. Fruits, also, should not be left out; and, fortunately, would not need to be—for if our city gardens are somewhat deficient in flowers, there are numberless ones wherein choice fruits, pears, grapes, plums, apples, &c., grow in perfection. Now are there not ladies and gentlemen enough in this city, interested in this matter, to get up a creditable and successful Fair, such as we have indicated, even if no heavy premiums are offered as an inducement to the contributors? We feel sure there are. Let us hear from them, and let us see if the thing cannot be accomplished.

Editorial Notes.

We are indebted to our old friend Nathan Foster, of Gardiner, for specimens of the Doyenne d' Ete, a very good summer pear.

It is quite probable that the next session of the Board of Agriculture will be held at Lincoln in upper Penobscot, but the time has not yet been fixed. Two vacancies in the Board are to be filled by appointment of the Governor, one in the place of Prof. C. H. Hamlin, whose term has expired, and one in the place of Prof. Peckham, resigned.

We feel compelled to refer our young correspondent at Brunswick, to a little work called the "Taxidermists' Manual," for the information he desires. It would take several columns to present a clear description of how to skin and stuff a bird, and to attempt to condense the information would be to leave out some of the most necessary points, besides rendering it less easy to be comprehended. The work may be procured of S. H. Sylvester, Middleboro', Mass. Maynard's "Naturalist's Guide," (J. R. Osgood, & Co., Boston, $1.50) a much larger and more satisfactory book upon this subject, you would also find a valuable helper. Procure these books, study them, and form a cabinet of the birds of your vicinity.

The letter of A. B. S., Monroe, is at hand. The previous letter was never received. Cannot the articles it contained be reproduced that our readers may not be deprived of the benefit of reading them?

Value of Low Meadows.

Fortunate is the man any time, but more especially the present season, who has a low meadow, one stretching out upon some brook or stream, from which the alders and other bushes have been cleared off, and which, even in times of severe drouth yield good crops of very fair hay. We have long been convinced of the importance of these meadows, and have many times urged farmers to clear up such spots, assuring them that they are the most valuable portions of their farms. They produce a fair quality of hay, such as is usually fed to sheep and young stock, generally without much provender. Requiring no manure to keep up their capacity for production, the manure made from the hay can go to dress other portions of the farm, which will in turn yield crops that will go to manufacture still larger portions of necessary fertilizers. This season meadow hay will be esteemed for all kinds of stock, as, sandwiched with corn meal it will not be bad for sheep, cows or even horses. We know of many farmers whose chief dependence during the coming winter will be upon such fodder, and who, but for this meadow hay, would be in "hard sledding."

Last week we urged that farmers employ the present time in digging muck for top-dressing grass lands; and while we do not want this work to cease, we also urge that some time be devoted to clearing up the waste and worse than useless land now covered with alders and other bushes. The present season has proved the great value of such land, and now is just the time to show to farmers that if they have such an uncleared meadow it should be put in condition this fall to yield a crop of meadow hay another summer.

Kindness to Cows.

In his excellent little treatise on the Alderney cow—which is very minute in its directions concerning the management and care of dairy stock, and which even those who cannot fully carry them out will find profit in reading—Mr. Fowler places great stress on the fact that kindness must be constantly exercised towards milch cows, and we might add towards all domestic animals. Very often young cows are restless or irritable, especially during the operation of milking, but whatever the cause gentleness is the only treatment that should be allowed—violence or even harshness never. There are many causes after recent calving that may produce inquietude, but no other remedy will be effectual. A young animal never forgets ill treatment, and a recurrence of similar circumstances will remind the cow of former punishment. Farmers should allow no one to milk, especially their young cows, who are not always gentle and uniform in the operations of handling and milking the animals.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

"The Situation."

The hay crop is now all gleaned up and safely stored away in the barns. The season of comparative leisure now at hand will give the thoughtful farmer an opportunity to take a careful survey of the "situation," and to mature his plans and lay out his operations for the future. The hay crop is the lightest ever harvested, from the same area, in the State. Not over half an average crop is now in store in the State at large, unless Aroostook County be excepted, where a fair yield is reported. Some sections yield a fraction more than that, but other considerable sections report much less. Add to this the fact that in many towns the grain crop is almost entirely cut off by the ravages of the grasshoppers—the most of it being already cut to save even the straw for winter feed. The green straw is probably worth nearly as much as the larger bulk of refined straw would have been, but the needed grain will not be at hand to help over the winter with a short crop of hay. Gardens, root crops and fields of potatoes also have in many cases fell a prey to the same devouring host. Corn, where unmolested, is not generally promising a very bountiful harvest. Pastures have been short and thin all the season, as well as the grass fields, and a necessary consequence is the cows have failed to give their usual flow of milk, the oxen have not fattened, the young stock have refused to grow. Much stock at the present time is not looking as well as when turned to grass in the spring. The fruit crop will be small indeed, and as inferior in quality as it is small in quantity. Add to this condition of things the fact that the price of stock and of dairy products have fallen off considerably from what has been received for them for several years past, and the outlook from any standpoint is not very encouraging. What wonder that many farmers, inclined to look upon the dark side of life and circumstances, should have the "blues," and see little ahead that is encouraging, while their faith in the good old State of Maine, always a little fluctuating and never too strong, almost entirely fades away, and they talk of the inviting West with its broad, unbroken prairies and its bountiful harvests! The "blues" give a sombre hue to all objects and circumstances near at hand, while distance lends enchantment to the distant view.

But it is best at all times to give the bright side its due share of attention. There is something besides poverty, starvation and famine in store for the farmers of Maine and of New England if we but "act our part." Farmers have been blessed during the last decade with almost unprecedented prosperity, and it should not be supposed that it is always going to last. All branches of business have their seasons of prosperity and their seasons of dullness, and farming is not exempt from the same. Many seasons of adversity have been passed through without serious results, and the disadvantages experienced were fonnd not to be as great as they appeared to be when prospective. During the years of prosperity just passed we have acquired the habit of expending our easily acquired gains freely. Now that the flood gates are shut against us we must correspondingly curtail our expenses. This can be done without serious detriment, if wisely done. The old saying that "it is no disgrace to be poor, but it is a great bother," is true still, especially the latter clause. It can be borne, however, provided the brain cultivates a cheerful disposition and wears a smiling countenance. A wealthy individual whom I once knew, used to say, "This laying up money was no difficult matter. If the quantity of water flowing into a mill pond was a little greater than the quantity drawn from it, the pond would finally be filled." So the farmer, during the hard times in prospect, must see that his expenses do not exceed his means, and all will be well.

With a great falling off in the hay crop made certain, it is equally certain that a considerable portion of the stock must be disposed of. The stock in this State was last season reduced to considerable less than the usual quantity kept, and last spring was still further reduced by the sharp demand for beef, while but few calves have been raised to grow up and fill their places. This leaves an unusually small number of neat cattle in the State; but even this quantity must be reduced. In every direction is heard the exclamation, "What shall I do with my stock!" One would think that the owners of stock were willing to dispose of their surplus at almost any figures named, and frightful stories are rehearsed of the low prices at which it is offered without finding purchasers.

Now, fellow farmers, there is no need of a panic, and there is no need of becoming insane because of the numbers in your herds. It is always best to keep the head "level." All the good stock is wanted at fair prices, and the poor stock never is worth keeping by anybody. In '61 extra beef was quoted in Boston market at $7 per cwt. Not many years before that good cow beef was sold here to consumers for $4. Yet the farmers weathered the "times" comfortably enough, and did not call it very "hard" either. To-day the same quality of beef in the same market is quoted $9 75 to $10 75 per hundred, live weight, while the price here at home is still higher. Sheep and lambs sell for nearly or quite double the price of ten years ago. Choice ball butter will bring in our markets 35 cents per pound and cheese 13 cents. Not many years ago I knew a young man in a noted dairy section of this county who bought a farm with the agreement to pay for it with cheese at 8 cents per pound, and the contract was fulfilled. Ten years ago who had ever heard of butter selling in this State for over 25 cents?

If the hay crop is short, and if prices are drooping to the old standard, we can still have a small margin, if we carry a steady hand and work wisely and well. Our herds will not starve, we shall not all become bankrupt, nor shall we all emigrate. Though the "situation" is not as encouraging as farmers could wish, still there is room for faith in farming.

August 1. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Corn versus Hay.

There is no doubt that the hay crop of New England is very small. In many sections of Maine it is nearly a failure. Take it as a whole, it may be as small as in the scantiest years hitherto. In most places the price of hay has advanced beyond precedent, and almost a panic prevails. I was lately told of three cows being given for one to be returned next spring, and of cattle being sold for $10 and $20 which would have commanded five times as much within a twelvemonth; cases are of daily occurrence where they are sold at prices ruinously below the cost of growing them.

Such being the facts of to-day, I beg to offer through your columns, a few suggestions; and the first is, that this calamity, like others permitted by a Wise Providence, has its compensations. Among them a very large one is the promised abundance of the corn crop. The prospect is such that the price has been receding rapidly for some time, and corn can now be had in Chicago for about 42 cents per bushel. To this 20 or even 30 cents can be added for transportation, and yet a ton can be laid down in Maine for less than the current price of a ton of hay. At 70 cents per bushel of 56 lbs., 2000 lbs. would cost $25. What may be the comparative value of hay and Indian corn we will not attempt to state with precision. There is more difference in the feeding value of what is called "hay" than there is in that of marketable corn. Some hay is worth *a great deal more* than some other hay. It is held by our farmers generally that a pound of corn is as good as two pounds of average hay; that 20 bushels of Indian meal, weighing a 1000 lbs., will go as far in wintering cattle as a ton of hay; some think 12 or 15 bushels to be as good as 2000 lbs. of English hay. If these estimates be near the truth, it would appear that the equivalent of a ton of hay can be had in Indian corn for $10 to $15, while the hay is held at twice as much, or more.

My next suggestion is that instead of selling cattle at the prices they now bring, they be kept over till spring (or rather, so many of them as are worth keeping, for there are not a few which it would be better policy to shoot than to winter with hay at $10 per ton), using, if need be, as little hay and as much purchased concentrated food as will answer a good purpose; and instead of barely carrying them through alive, winter them so well that when put to pasture next spring they will begin at once to thrive, and keep on steadily thriving, and not lose a considerable part of the season in making up winter losses. There is small danger of so many following this method as to glut next year's market. The prospect is fair that the operation would pay handsomely. Indeed it would if every farmer in the State should adopt it. I am aware that the mass of Maine farmers are not in the habit of buying commercial manures for their hungry lands, nor commercial articles of cattle food for hungry stock, except to a very limited extent, but the suggestion is offered that the present is a particularly favorable opportunity to break up the habit which has prevailed extensively, of depending so exclusively upon hay. This is an age when old notions and old practices upon many matters are being broken into as never before, and I believe that one part of the design of a wise and loving Father in dispensing so scanty a crop of hay this year is to teach us a much needed lesson, one of which, if we learn it well, will be of more profit to us than any two crops of which were ever harvested in the State.

The idea that a farmer can, and may with advantage, as often as the years come round, buy materials to be manufactured into crops and cattle is novel to American farmers, but it is an old one to farmers in old countries; in fact, it is *the* method by which British farmers make the *business of farming* so profitable. They do not live upon what they *earn* so much as upon the profits of their business transactions. They buy manure and sell grain; or they buy grain or linseed or cotton seed cake, or Carob beans or any cattle food which the world will sell at paying prices, and sell meat, butter, cheese, &c.

Another thing; when the English farmer buys cattle food, he does not, ordinarily, expect to get back all the purchase money directly. He knows very well, as an every year's transaction, where competition is as close as what he has to encounter, that this can be expected only in rare cases; but he does expect to get the balance together with all the profits *in the means of increased fertility for his own lands.*

The manure question is one which is much talked of and much thought of, but too little done about. One way, and under given circumstances, the best way to buy manure is in the form of cattle food. Poor fodder makes poor manure; scanty fodder poorer still. Poor manure insures poor farming and short crops. Lean, hungry, run out fields feel drought and all other drawbacks as well fed fields do not.

Honesty is good policy in dealing with neighbors. It is equally good policy in dealing with one's self and one's own possessions. Our lands have long been drawn upon for what goes to make bone, and hides, and muscle (and these are far more exhausting than what makes fat) and we have made small returns, greatly insufficient to make good the draft. We have sold and sent away that which constituted the virgin fertility of Maine soils; we have brought little back to them. Reckoning day is sure to come. In fact, part of the bills for damages are presented this summer. With them comes also a rare opportunity to buy as much as we will of the fertility of Western prairies and put it upon our hungry fields. Why not buy liberally?

S. L. GOODALE.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fighting the Grasshoppers.

I noticed in the issue of the FARMER of the 5th inst., among the news items, that a farmer in Readfield caught a bushel of grasshoppers daily for his hogs. I would like to inquire through the FARMER how he catches them. The grasshoppers are very numerous in this vicinity and are doing great damage on some farms to the crops, wheat, beans and corn. I have four acres of nice looking wheat which they have damaged considerably, but not near as bad as they would have done if I did not fight them. I would like to tell your readers through your paper how I do it. I have a rope as long as my wheat is wide. I tie one end to the hind axle of my wagon and my wife takes the team and goes on one side, and I carry it by hand on the other side. In this way we sweep our wheat every night about sunset or a little after, going over it twice. It takes off about every grasshopper, and it being so late they do not go up again, whereas if they were not brushed off they would feed on the heads all night. In this way I think I shall get quite a crop of wheat, and it being sowed the 27th of April it will be fit to cut in a few days. One of my neighbors told me today that the grasshoppers had ruined his wheat and that he should cut it to-morrow for fodder. He never has brushed his. You will see of course that if there are two men on a farm they could carry the rope by hand, but it is pretty hard work. A SUBSCRIBER.

For the Maine Farmer.

More about Turkeys.

The Best Kind to Keep.

In a recent number of the FARMER I notice that H. J. of Charleston wishes information as to the best kind of turkeys to keep. Also the comparative profits of turkey raising with that of other domestic fowls. I will cheerfully give your correspondent my views on this matter. To his first question I should say keep the Bronze turkeys, after having tried all of the different breeds to be found, including the large Rhode Island Black, and last of all the Bronze. I much prefer the last named, and for the reason that they have proved (with me and others) much more hardy and vigorous than any other breed. As to size they are large, the gobblers having attained to the weight of 22 pounds at six months old, the largest hen turkeys weighing, at the same age, from 12 to 15 pounds. I have had those that at one and a half years old weighed 50 pounds to the pair. Considering the size, beauty and hardiness of the Bronze turkeys, there is no doubt but what they are the kind to keep.

Profits of Turkey Raising.

In my own experience with raising fowls for market, the profits have been greatly in favor of the turkeys in comparison with other poultry. I doubt if there is (generally speaking) any profit in raising chickens for the market. I have always considered, by reasonable conjecture, that a young rooster at killing time that would dress five or six pounds would cost as much as a young cock turkey that would dress 15 or 16 pounds. The reasons for the difference in cost of production so much in favor of the turkey may be explained as follows: The turkey has to be fed but a short time in the spring, and from this time until fall—as the time comes in the fall for fattening—obtains its own living. The chicken, on the other hand, has to be fed (especially if there are fowls to any extent kept on the place) most all the food it gets from the time it hatches until it is dressed for market.

Things to be Considered.

In raising all kinds of fowls for profit there are several things to be taken into consideration, such as location, market, experience and the time one has to devote to the business. All fowls are considered by some people to be "a great nuisance." But it is to be understood that fowls need a *place* as well as the pigs or sheep, and should be *kept in their place.*

In regard to other kinds of poultry (not mentioned above) it is probable that ducks will give more profit (next to turkeys) than any other domestic kind. They are easily raised, bring a good price in the market and their feathers are valuable next to those of geese.

It was noticeable that when we kept a large flock of turkeys on the farm each year, ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty, there were scarcely any grasshoppers to be seen on the place, while beyond their wanderings they were plenty and destructive. This shows that turkeys are a benefit to the pastures and fields and with a little care will do a great deal more good than harm. But when we consides what swarms of grasshoppers there are this season, (eating every green thing) a flock of turkeys of good size would have more than their match to keep the "varmints" in check, as they have a way of "traveling" through the land. If turkeys were raised in larger numbers throughout the State, and thus keep the grasshoppers in check, while less in numbers, it is probable much good would result from the practice. When we estimate the really vast amount of damage done by the grasshoppers in this and the past season, (and their ravages still go on and will increase) it seems as though something must be done (to use a homely phrase) to "clean them out."

In closing this article I wish to say it is plain to be seen that there are exceptions to the rules laid down above, (in regard to the profits of raising poultry,) for all fowls should be profitable in seasons like the past and present. PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE.

Skowhegan.

For the Maine Farmer,

Letter from Chicago.

While perusing your valuable paper, I thought I would pen a few ideas which have occurred to me. I receive the FARMER regularly every week through the kindness and forethought of my wife, who subscribed for me soon after my arrival in this city, thinking, perhaps, it would be a weekly reminder to me of my native State, which I left a short time ago to better my fortune, like many others, in the metropolis of the great West. This is truly a enterprising city—the great centre of business. The people here point with much pride to their achievements in constructing their waterworks—tunneling under the Lake and supplying the city with pure water drawn from a point two miles from shore; and their ingenuity in making the dark, filthy waters of the Chicago river (fraught with sickening smells and disease) to turn backward in its course by means of a canal, thus causing the union of Lake Michigan with Mrs. Sippi, and rendering it a clear and pure stream of water. They also ignore the use of bridges to a great degree, and pass in safety through tunnels under the river. I could mention many other things showing the enterprise of the citizens, but I forbear. The most gratifying fact to me is, that a large proportion of her most industrious, go-ahead citizens are from Maine. It is an acknowledged fact that for energy, perseverance and quality of brain power, the citizens of the Pine Tree State are not excelled. It is to be regretted that they do not stay at home and strive to develop more fully the resources of their own State, by taking advantage of the manufacturing, commercial and agricultural privileges within her borders. What with the extensive coastline of Maine, affording ample room for magnificent harbors, her numerous waterpowers for manufacturing purposes, and her wild tracts of uncultivated land, it is strange that young men flee to the West, with all these privileges at their very door? Let them consider first their chances at home and improve their opportunities. Let fathers encourage their sons and give them a chance in their early years to accumulate something for themselves in which they can take an interest. Then the boys will not acquire such a distaste to farm life, and think any place preferable to home. If the people of Maine only take advantage of their opportunities, with the energy characteristic of them, they will emphatically make her worthy of her motto, "Dirigo."

Chicago, Ill. H. W. W.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Good Garden.

A few moments spent in the garden of T. M. Andrews of Hallowell will show the visitor how real pleasure and profit can be combined on a small spot of land. With a fine floral display in front and fruit in the rear, the body is appropriated to early peas, lettuce, onions, beets, cabbages, cucumbers, &c. Not satisfied with one crop, the owner manages to get two good ones by high culture and judicious arrangements. On one lot of 65 by 30 feet early peas and lettuce were put in from March 15 up to April 1, from which $75 was realized by July 10. While this crop was growing cabbages and cucumbers were planted between so that now the ground is being well covered.

Another lot of very fine sweet corn was planted May 1 in rows five feet apart, with peas between the rows, which were harvested in season to give the corn ample room to grow. Next turnips were sown where the peas were harvested. The corn will soon be ready for the table when the turnips can have room to grow. Among the small fruits four bushels of nice gooseberries have been sold for $12.

T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Information Wanted.

I wish to drain a piece of swale land, (about two acres) the drain to start from the ditch at the main road, which drain will receive all the water from the road for 30 rods. Now will it be best to dig a drain and stone it, covering with dirt, or leave the drain open so the rush of water coming in the wet season and clogging up the channel can be started at any time? An answer coming from any one who has had experience in this matter, through the FARMER, will greatly oblige a READER.

Oldtown.

For the Maine Farmer.

Farm Notes.

I have just come in from the garden. Have been destroying weeds. The children have pulled many and thrown them to the pigs, but there are many more which cannot very well be pulled up by hand and they must be cut down with the hoe. Now is the time to eradicate them; they have not yet gone to seed and much mischief may be prevented by a timely use of the hand and hoe. "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." It is often astonishing how fast weeds will grow. There are some plants in our garden over two feet high which had not appeared above ground five weeks ago, and this too, in a season of severe drouth. If we would have a good clean garden it must have frequent and thorough attention.

Almost the first thing we did after haying was to mow the weeds and bushes by the walls and fences all over the farm. These, when dried, should be gathered and buried. This operation does not take long and it has the advantage of making the fields look better and destroys many foul seeds.

Our man has just finished hauling from the city seventy-five bushels of refuse lime—air slaked and the refuse of the kilns—and this has been drawn into the barn yard and spread over the muck and manure. He will soon commence drawing out leached ashes. Shall put two hundred bushels into the yard and these are to be thoroughly mixed up and composted with the lime, manure and muck—of which there is a very liberal supply drawn from the muck swamp last winter—and used as a top dressing to the orchards.

We have had some of our old prejudices completely eradicated and are now firm believers in top dressing grass lands. Had we let some things remain as they were last summer, which we considered then so necessary, and which we thought ought to be done even to the exclusion of our favorite and customary plan of top dressing, and applied all our time and means for four or five weeks to that object, it would have added several tons of hay to our crop and been money in the pocket. And, doubtless, many of us can look back and exclaim, oh! if we had only done so and so. But let the past teach us lessons of wisdom and hope and perseverence. The case is not hopeless, the grass roots are not entirely dead; pull them up and on examination you will perceive new shoots starting vigorously out. Therefore take courage and apply every art and device possible to renew your grass lands.

The drouth is broken. The rain, the beautiful, life-giving rain has come and all nature seems to rejoice. Why should not man rejoice also? Surely the most intelligent of created beings should not be cast down and melancholy while the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields and the valleys and the hills alone hold forth their praise. God *has not* forsaken us, although many of us, in our worldliness, have almost forgotten Him. He has promised that seed time and harvest shall not fail, and they will not. Insects may devour, hail storms may lay waste and drouths may scorch us up, but He who reigns over all will in some way provide for us. Then keep a brave heart, work courageously on, hoping, trusting, believing, and the end will be, must be, peace, joy and happiness. W. P. ATHERTON.

Hallowell.

For the Maine Farmer.

About Currant Bushes.

I have a yard of currant bushes (the common kind) that for thrift and productiveness will, I think, compare favorably with any to be met with in these parts, the longest stalks measuring from six feet eight inches, to seven feet ten inches. The fruit is also proportionately large and abundant. Can any one beat this? Their history may serve as a useful hint to some of your readers.

The farm on which I reside, when it came into my hands, was in an exceedingly run down condition, having been for a series of years without a regular husbandman, and the currant bushes partook largely of the universal ruin. Besides being "bound out" the sheep had browsed them until one could hardly tell whether they were currant bushes or not. The work of resuscitating them seemed very much like a hopeless task, nevertheless, I thought I would try the experiment. Accordingly I took them up, selected as favorable a position as I could, and set them out, placing, I should think, a bushel or more of dressing from the hay yard under each one. While thus engaged, an old gardener came along. He shook his head, and looked ominously, saying that he should rather get sprouts from some thrifty bushes, than try to make anything out of such looking scrubs as those. However, they soon began to show signs of life, and in two years one could hardly believe they were the same bushes.

After this, I made a new arrangement with my building, which left a piece of ground, about 30 feet square, bounded on the south and west by the buildings, which my wife said would be a nice shady place for currant bushes. I laughed at the idea of growing anything there, as it was over an old cellar filled with rocks, and only about a foot of earth on the surface. But my wife would have them there, and have them she did, with the results above stated. Those that remain in the place where I set them at first, are still in a flourishing condition, but not so tall and large as those growing above the old cellar. J. M.

For the Maine Farmer.

An Inquiry.

I have a field that two years ago cut from one to three tons of hay to the acre. Last year the drouth shortened the crop somewhat, and this year, owing to the drouth, and also owing to its exposed condition in the early spring, it has been a total failure, the roots being entirely killed out. Can you give me any advice as to what course to pursue in regard to it? I think of plowing and seeding this fall. Will some of your wise ones give me their opinion, and also their experience? If any of your correspondents or readers have practiced sowing in the fall, will the[y] be so kind as to give me the *modus operandi?*

Penobscot County. J. M.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

The Weather in July.

A meteorological record of the weather, &c., for the month of July, 1871.

	Sunrise.	1 P. M.	Sunset	Mean.
Mean of month,	36½	80½	65½	67½
Maximum,	64	88	72	73 15th.
Minimum,	43	72	59	59 1st.

Four days north and northeast wind during the month, two days east and southeast, sixteen days west and northwest, prevailing wind southwest. Mean warmest day, 13th, 73 degrees; mean coldest, 1st, 59 degrees. Mean of July for seventeen years, 67 degrees; so that the past July was ½ of a degree warmer than the average. Warmest July in seventeen years, 1857, 71½ degrees; coldest, 1860, 64½ degrees; mean of July, 1870, 68½ degrees; July, 1871, 67½ degrees, or one degree colder than last year.

Month about the average temperature. Month quite dry, but very little rain fell. Farmers finished haying August 1st. The crop, though small, was secured in good order, of good quality and heavy for the bulk. Corn, grain, potatoes, &c., looking quite well considering the dry weather. The drouth at the present time appears to have been broken, having the past week copious showers which has given the grass and other crops a fresh start. Yours truly, J. F. BLAKE.

Winterport, Aug. 5, 1871

Note from Mt. Vernon.

The grasshoppers, after fasting through the storm, returned to the attack with renewed courage and perseverance, and at no time have they been so numerous or destructive as now. In many places the crops are destroyed, the apple and pear trees stripped of their foliage, and in some cases of fruit, and, as if that was not enough, some of the young trees are so far stripped of the bark upon the smaller limbs as to be totally ruined forever.

As we have not much harvesting to do let us spend our time getting ready for another year. Don't get blue. T.

A Big Potato.

I planted some Early Rose potatoes the 18th of May and dug one the 1st of August that measured 11x17 inches, perfectly sound and smooth. Who can beat this?

Georgetown. LEANDER BERRY.

Good Lambs.

Seeing your remarks about Mr. S. D. Greenleaf's lambs, I am induced to say that I bought a buck of Mr. G. last fall and the result is I have 18 very good lambs, including one that weighed, when dropped, 11 pounds, and when one week old 19 pounds. His dam is eight years old and has had 14 lambs.

Yours, S. W. G.

Madrid.

From Upper Penobscot.

Being last week at Lincoln I was gratified to find the crops looking so finely—never better, (hay included) I was told, in the past dozen years. And the reports from Aroostook were that the crops are better than ever before.

Yours truly, S. L. GOODALE.

Saco, Aug. 8.

Agricultural Miscellany.

What Shall be Done with Weeds?

Certainly not pulled and left upon the ground, if *their seeds are only formed.* It is not safe at this stage of their growth to throw them into the hog yard, or to put them in a heap with manure. Nor will it be safe to leave them upon the ground where they grew. Some of them are so tenacious of life that, even if the plant be pulled up, it is said that the sap will flow upward, the flower will bloom and the seeds ripen to be scattered over the fields the next year. There is no killing them by gentle means. They will live three feet under ground for years, and if the land is again stirred to that depth, up will spring a thick crop of weeds again to flourish in their full strength. We have seen a stout pigweed pulled entirely out of the ground, with the exception of the end of a very small root, not only to go on and live, but to blossom and perfect a large crop of seed! Do not trust them in any position, where a complete decomposition will not speedily take place, either by fire or the agency of some strong alkaline or other substance.

If dried on the ground after the seed is formed, there will be danger. If thrown into heaps, they will not be likely to rot before some of them have perfected seed. If thrown to swine, a portion of them would be left to go on with their work of maturing seed, and so it would be if they were mingled with manure. They cannot well be burnt in their green state, so that the safe and economical course is to throw them into a compact heap, and mingle them with quick lime, or wood ashes, or keep them moist so that they become thoroughly heated and decomposed. Even then, the mass should lie exposed to the sun and air until quite certain that the vitality of the seeds is destroyed.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Flower-Garden and Lawn in August.

The severe heat of this month often prevents the growth of pl

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, August 19, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for money's remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. DARLING will canvas York County during the months of July and August.

Mr. EDWIN G. BRIMMER will call upon our subscribers in Washington during the months of July and August.

Mr. C. S. AYER will call on our subscribers in Oxford County during August and September.

A Park for Augusta.

The *Journal* a short time since suggested the propriety of the reservation of land for a public park, while there is unoccupied land in the immediate vicinity of the city, to be had at tolerably cheap rates. The taste for parks is rapidly growing in American communities, and while we may not think that the time is very close at hand when Augusta can undertake the improvement of a public pleasure ground of any considerable extent, or when the demand for a large park will be very urgent, it is not too early to be looking about us.

The utility, or at least the desirableness of a public pleasure ground was early recognized in our New England villages, and few of them have reached the point of development that required the laying out of half a dozen streets without providing some sort of a "common" which was generally laid out in straight walks crossing each other at right angles, and running between straight rows of straight trees with their tops sawed off even, and planted out at regular distances, like poles in a bean garden. This style of landscape gardening has its advantages, and evinced in these matters a taste that was far better than no taste, but in these days it is getting to be pretty well understood that there is more beauty in curved lines than in straight; and that symmetry can be carried to such an extent as to become ugly. The modern park, therefore, must be a different affair from an old-fashioned common. As the public taste has become more luxurious and the public purse heavier, more extensive grounds and a more extensive style of improvement and ornamentation will be permissible and desirable. The land must not be measured by rods, but by acres.

The question of location is about the first that presents itself. It may be put down as essential that a park for Augusta should be so situated as to command, from some part of it, a good view of the Kennebec. The advantage of a water view must not be neglected. Then it must be easily accessible from the central part of the city. It must contain level ground enough for parades and games like base ball, and drives and promenades for those who do not like to climb hills. Yet there must be variety of surface, and if there are a few abrupt hills, all the better for the picturesque. We think of no location that combines these requisites better than the unoccupied ground between the villages of Augusta and Hallowell, stretching back from the river to the granite hill in the rear of the State House. Just as it is to-day, this is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole region. That portion lying immediately at the eastern base of the hill only requires a few good roads to make it a complete park. There are some very picturesque views of the precipitous ledges on the hillside, and from the brow of the hill, whither a carriage road might be built, there are grand views of the plane below; of Hallowell and the river in front of it, of part of Augusta, and of the valley of the Kennebec toward Vassalboro'. This park would be available for citizens of both Hallowell and Augusta. As a part of the ground in question is within the limits of the former, the enterprise might be a joint one. The natural advantages of that portion within Augusta are so great and its present condition so favorable for the formation of a park, that we trust its owners will never sacrifice it to the great rightangled demon, and have it cut up into square house lots bounded by straight streets. Why could they not (if the public should not desire their land) make a park as a private speculation, on the principle of some of the colonies near New York, composed of families of taste and means, who associate themselves for the purpose of maintaining pleasure grounds to be used in common by all the proprietors, each having his own house. We commend the matter to their consideration.

BELFAST is a quite, orderly, good-looking place; and although somewhat ambitious, it must be content to remain a small city for the present. In the past twelve years it has not grown, according to our recollection, and probably has not increased in population. Its location is beautiful, and in this respect is not surpassed by that of any place on the New England coast. It has abundant advantages in the line of har bor accommodations, water and inland communication, water power for manufacturing purposes—to make it a place of much commercial and business importance. But its wealth is locked up. Its monied men seem to be unmindful of the fact that withholding tendth to poverty. There are exceptions to this, it is true, for Belfast has a fair proportion of liberal, public spirited, enterprising, high-minded gentlemen, men who labor and put out their money for the good and prosperity of their beautiful city. And we feel sure the reward will come after many days. To have courage to labor and patience to wait, is to have discovered the Philosopher's stone. The people of Belfast have exhibited the former quality in the completion of one of the great public improvements of the day, and we council a share of the latter, as necessary to a complete realization of their hopes.

Now that the railroad is completed, the citizens are turning their attention to other measures for the improvement and embellishment of the city. A public library fund has already been started; and a movement is on foot to secure an eligable lot of a dozen or fifteen acres of land in the southern part of the city, commanding a fine view of its bay and harbor, for a public park. These are signs that a new life is being infused into the governing spirit of the community, and we have no doubt that the library and park will ere long form additional attractions to Belfast society.

Ship-building has always been a prominent feature in the business of Belfast, and this year considerable activity has been manifest in her yards. Several vessels of different capacities have been or are being built; and we visited one, a fine ship of 1500 tons just launched by Capt. McGilvery, called the "Nancy Pendleton," intended as a general freighter. She will be ready for sea in about three weeks.

Altogether, a visit to this "city by the sea," satisfied us that it is on the high road to prosperity, and that ten years hence it will take a higher rank than now among the important places of Maine.

A legal investigation into the causes of the recent railroad disaster near Bangor was commenced in that city on Friday last before a coroner's jury. The testimony of Messrs. Wilder and Corser, Railroad Commissioners, and of Superintendent Noyes and other officers and employes of the Company was take, and the investigation was then adjourned to Wednesday of the present week.

☞Upon the grounds of D. T. Pike, Esq., in this city, may be seen a pear tree now in full blossom.

STATE CAMP-MEETING. The "State Holiness Camp-meeting," which opened Tuesday, 8th inst., closed on Tuesday the 15th. It was held on the grounds of the Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting Association in Richmond, and was throughout largely attended by an orderly, quiet and apparently deeply interested audience. The grounds upon which it was held are owned by the Association, and have been fitted up as a permanent place of holding an annual meeting by that particular denomination who follow the command of the prophet, "To your tents, O Israel!" Hundreds go to camp-meeting as the go to any other meeting, with a sincere desire to engage in the worship of God, and hundreds go out of curiosity and to have a "good time." The latter class are doubtless thus brought into the way of receiving the "bread of everlasting life," who but for this means might never be made to accept "the way, the truth and the life." Still there is a question, if at the present time the appointed means and agencies for Christian service and church work, aside from these annual gatherings apart from Society, are not ample and sufficient for the work of the Master. The times are far different from what they were in the early days of the Methodist church. It would also be better, it seems to us, if such meetings are to be held, that they open on Monday morning and close on Saturday evening. By this course a disorderly crowd inside the grounds on Sunday, as two years ago, and outside the grounds as on the last Sabbath, would be avoided.

There were upon the grounds about two hundred and fifty tents, many of which are private tents, where whole families spent the entire time of the meeting. Many also have quite commodious and permanent houses. To such, the occasion is better than a summer vacation at the seaside or in the country, and many make it take the place of such a time of recreation.

The religious services were of a deeply interesting character. Sermons by some of the most prominent clergymen in the denomination were given, three times a day, and devotional meetings were held in the tents, usually, from three to four times a day. Among the preachers were the following: Revs. J. B. Lapham, Saco; A. S. Prince, Hampden; P. Brown, Gardiner; A. Church, Winterport; J. Colby, Presiding Elder Readfield District; Geo. R. Palmer, Dexter; Chas. F. Allen, Bangor; C. Munger, Alfred; Charles Plummer, Wiscasset, and B. Pomeroy of the Troy (N. Y.) Conference.

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK. At the annual meeting of this Corporation, recently held, the following officers were elected for the current year:

Trustees—Thomas Lambard, Jas. W. North, Artemas Libby, Wm. S. Badger, Samuel Titcomb.

President—Thomas Lambard.

Treasurer—Wm. R. Smith.

The Report of the Treasurer furnishes the following statistics of the operations of the Bank for the year ending August 1, 1871.

Whole amount of deposits, Aug. 1, 1871,	$1,311,585 12
Semi-annual dividend 3½ per ct., " say,	40,000 00
Total amount due depositors, "	$1,351,585 12
Reserved fund,	22,200 00
Total increase of deposits past year,	718,956 48
Net " " "	386,861 41
Whole number of depositors, Aug. 1, 1871,	3,749
Total increase of depositors past year,	1,331
Net " " "	803
Total number of deposits received during past year,	4,325
Average amount of each deposit,	$166 23½
Total number of deposits of $100 and under,	3,043
Total number of deposits under $100,	2,647

☞We do not propose to engage in a controversy with the *Maine Standard* on the subject of the New York frauds; but we are unwilling to pass by its uncourteous attack upon us, without reminding it that it has entirely mistaken the nature of the question. It is not a political question at all, but a question between public plunderers and their victims. We have not attacked the democratic party, but the rogues who have abused the trust that the democrats of New York placed in their hands. We conceive it to be a sacred duty of every public journal to expose and denounce fraud and rascality wherever found, and the paper that so far forgets itself as to make the cause of thieves and plunderers its own is false both to the public and to the party whose policy it pretends to support.

☞On Friday of last week, a teamster hauling granite up Green Street, in Augusta, loaded his dray so heavily that his horses were unable to draw it. After beating them unmercifully, punching them in the sides and mouths with sharp stakes, until the whole neighborhood was aroused and indignant at his cruelty, he threw off a large block of granite and drove away. The block of granite remained there for several days and frightened a number of horses. On Sunday afternoon as a procession, following the remains of Miss Tappan to the Cemetery, was passing this point, a horse drawing a carriage in which were four ladies, was frightened at this stone, and rushed into the ditch and broke away. One of the ladies, Miss Carruthers of Portland, was thrown from the carriage and received an injury on the head from which she had not fully recovered several days after the accident. If the people who are conversant with the facts of the case do not complain of that teamster, they will be negligent of their duty.

☞The annual excursion of the Winthrop Street Universalist Sabbath School and Parish will be made on Monday next, 21st inst. The new barge of the Steam Towage Company has been engaged to convey the company to Swan Island, starting at seven in the morning and leaving the island in season to reach home at seven in the evening. The committee are making arrangements for an extra pleasant time, and we are assured that a rare opportunity will be afforded for all the members of the parish, both old and young, to enjoy a social holiday excursion without the fatigue and annoyance usually attendant upon occasions of the kind.

☞The pastors of the several churches in this city have all returned from the enjoyment of their summer vacations, physically, and we trust spiritually, refreshed and renewed for the work of their sacred calling. It is devoutly to be hoped that their hearts and hands will be strengthened by an increased interest and zeal on the part of the people to whom they minister, and that we shall henceforth witness a more devout religious life and a higher and healthier practical morality as the fruits of their labors in the community at large. A revival of true religion in Augusta certainly won't do any harm.

STATE FAIR. Since our outside went to press we have been informed that the citizens of Belfast failed to meet the requirements of the Trustees of the State Agricultural Society, and that in consequence no State Fair will be held this year. Considering the lateness of the season and the little time in which to make the necessary arrangements for the Fair, as well as the depressed state of the agricultural mind, we deem it very fortunate that the Trustees are relieved from holding a show this season, and especially at the point just named.

☞A private party of ladies and gentlemen from Bath, about one hundred in number, made an excursion to this city on Tuesday last in the new barge of the Knickerbocker Steam Towage Co., (by the by, why don't the owners give their barge a name?) arriving here at noon, dining at the Augusta House and returning in the afternoon. The party was accompanied by an excellent band of music, and they all looked as if they were having a good time. We understand a similar excursion from this city to Bath is contemplated.

☞On Sunday afternoon last, Dr. Robert A. Cony, a native, and for many years a prominent and enterprising citizen of Augusta, died at his residence on the east side of the river, at the age of 65 years.

THE RAILROAD COLLISION AT VASSALBORO'. The recent railroad accident at Vassalboro', (if that may be called an accident which was the result of carelessness or incompetency on the part of those who had the trains in charge) has been the subject of a thorough investigation in this city, by Asst. Supt. Lincoln of the Maine Central, at whose request Hon. S. T. Corser of Portland, one of the Railroad Commissioners was present, and assisted. The Kennebec *Journal* says:

From the testimony, which we deem unnecessary to publish in detail, it appears that the conductor and engineer of the special train are greatly at fault, and that some degree of blame must rest upon the conductor of the regular train that was standing upon the track at the time of the accident. It reveals the fact that the men running the extra train did not exercise proper care, and did not have their train under control. The conductor of that train did not take the precaution to look out for the regular train, which he knew was standing upon the track. His was an irregular or special train, and according to the standing printed rules, under which he was supposed to be acting, should have kept out of the way of all regular trains. The engineer of the same train is also at fault for about the same careless inattention to duty; and the only excuse that can be offered in his behalf is the slippery condition of the track, and his miscalculation of distance and the momentum of the train. The engineer states that he got the idea from previous conversation with the conductor, about the stopping place for water, that the train was to make no halt at Vassalboro' but was to pass at the next station. The conductor of the regular train is blamed for not sending back signals to the approaching train. No fault is found with the brakemen, who seem to have discharged their duty faithfully. After hearing the testimony and consultation with Mr. Corser, Mr. Lincoln immediately discharged from the employ of the company, J. G. Fairbrother of Skowhegan, the conductor of the special train, and John J. Nichols of Portland, engineer; and suspended from duty Mark Waterman, conductor of the regular train. This prompt action will receive the approval of the public.

☞Hon. Woodbury Davis, Postmaster of Portland, and ex-Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, died at his residence in that city, on Sunday evening last, after a painful illness of several months, at the age of 53 years. Judge Davis was a gentleman of commanding ability and of estimable character in all the relations of life, an active and efficient leader in the Temperance reform, an earnest worker for the abolition of slavery, and one of the founders of the republican party in Maine. He was held in high regard in the community in which he lived and throughout the State, and his death will be widely and sincerely mourned.

☞The first number of "Our Young Folks' Illustrated Paper," published by E. C. Allen & Co. of this city, has been placed on our table. It makes a handsome appearance, is well filled with useful and entertaining reading for the young people, elegantly and profusely illustrated, and is on the whole one of the most attractive, lively and readable juvenile publications of the day. The enterprise of the publishers and the ability of the editor is manifest in every department of the paper and we predict for it great and deserved success. An edition of one million copies of the first number is to be printed and the publishers offer inducements to subscribers which it is believed will secure for it the largest circulation of any similar publication in the world. Published semi-monthly at $1.00 per annum.

WHITMAN'S THRESHING MACHINES. These justly popular machines are now found in nearly every grain-growing State in the Union.

We learn that two of the sons of Luther Whitman, who have recently established a large Threshing Machine and Agricultural Implement manufactory at St. Louis, Mo., are now on a visit at the old home in Winthrop. They speak very encouragingly of their new Western enterprise. The "Whitman Thresher" has met with great success in competition with the leading manufactures of the world. They think that they now have the best machine made, and are ready at all times to contest the points by trial.

Our old friend, Luther Whitman, is still manufacturing at the old stand in Winthrop, where he is prepared to furnish machines warranted superior to any in the market.

☞The American Literary Bureau includes the name of Gen. R. Brinkerhoff of Ohio, in the list of lecturers for whom it is authorized to make engagements with Lyceums, &c., the ensueing season. Gen. Brinkerhoff is well known in Maine, where he was stationed for several years during the war, as an able and faithful officer, and an accomplished and effective platform speaker, frequently doing good service for the Union with tongue and pen as well as with the sword. We hope to hear the General again in this city upon some of the topics in which he is so interesting and instructive.

☞The famous Shaw Cattle which were exhibited at the New England Fair in Portland in 1869, and attracted so much admiration for their great size and symmetrical proportions, will be on exhibition for a few days in this city at the east end of the Kennebec Bridge, having now reached the enormous weight of 6000 pounds, and girting respectively nine feet and nine feet seven inches. All lovers of handsome cattle should visit these splendid specimens of the bovine race. They are to be exhibited at the New England Fair in Lowell, Mass.

☞The fall term of the Dirigo Business College, as will be seen by the advertisement in another column, will commence on Monday Sept. 4th. The signal success of the college ever since its establishment in this city, is due to the energy and ability of its accomplished founder and principal, Prof. D. M. Waitt, and the public may be well assured that nothing will be left undone by him to make it one of the best institutions of the kind in the country.

☞The *Maine Journal of Education* for August contains an excellently written article on "The Object of Common Schools" from the pen of our townsman, Mr. Wm. H. Lambert, Principal of the High School. He contends that the true object of schools is to teach how to study, and not to attempt to complete an education.

☞At the republican County Convention for Kennebec, held in this city on Wednesday, Reuben Foster of Waterville and John May of Winthrop, were nominated as State Senators. Capt. Prentiss M. Fogler of Augusta, was nominated for Register of Deeds. All the other present incumbents of the county offices were renominated by acclamation.

☞The Dirigo Base Ball Club of this city, go to Belfast on Saturday for a match game with the Pastimes of that city, and a purse of $50. On Monday next the Dirigos will start on their long contemplated tour to Boston and New York, playing during their absence with several of the crack junior clubs of those cities.

NEW SLATE QUARRY. A new slate quarry has been opened in Burnham about three miles from the depot which is being worked by Belfast parties. The slate is of equal quality to that from the Brownville mine, and the company are sanguine of success.

A NEW PASSENGER DEPOT is now being built by the Maine Central Railroad at Burnham, the old one having been removed and fitted up for other purposes. The increase of travel over the Belfast Division of the road, and the large number of passengers tarrying at this point has rendered better accommodations necessary.

☞The Winthrop street Universalist church will be reopened next Sabbath morning for religious services.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. The next session of the Board of Agriculture will be held at Lincoln, Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.

RAILROAD FROM WISCASSET TO AUGUSTA. A correspondent of the Kennebec *Journal* reports for that paper the proceedings of a meeting held in Whitefield on Friday last in aid of the proposed railroad from Wiscasset to this city. It was voted that if the road should be constructed it ought to be located east of the Sheepscott river, running to Partridge's, Cooper's Mills and to the National Military Asylum and to Augusta. Parties were present from Wiscasset and the Military Asylum and speeches were made by Messrs. Cuningham and Lacey of Wiscasset, and Capt. Woodfin and Dr. Stearns representing the Asylum, the last named gentlemen stating that the board of managers would take fifteen thousand dollars in the stock of the road, and construct the road bed across their territory, which would probably be nearly two miles. If the road should be built the coal for the use of the Asylum, which amounts to 800 tons a year, and other supplies in proportion would pass over the road and thus save the expensive teaming from Gardiner. The value of the road to Augusta was alluded to as she would have easy communication with one of the best seaports on the coast, one open summer and winter. Several feeders to the business of the road were alluded to, one of them being a road from China, a fine farming town at present without railroad facilities. A committee was appointed to see what the citizens of Augusta would do towards constructing the road, and to report at an adjourned meeting to be held on the fourth Monday of September.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY. The Committee appointed at a special meeting of the Maine Historical Society held in this city in February last to make arrangements for a field day, announce that the contemplated meeting will be held at Pemaquid, on Thursday the 24th day of August, where the society has been invited to attend the inaugural services of the Pemaquid Monumental Association. The exercises will consist of speeches and probably a poem, after which a procession will be formed and march to a large tent for refreshments, speeches will then be expected from various distinguished gentlemen of this and other States. On the following day the committee and other members of the society will go to the island of Monhegan for the purpose of examining the rock-writings alleged to be there; and any other vestiges or evidences of its early occupation, to which their attention may be called.

A large barge accommodating 1500 persons, will be ready near the Depot of the Knox and Lincoln Railroad, in Damariscotta, at an early hour, probably 8 o'clock in the morning, of the 24th, for the transportation of the public to Pemaquid. Fare, 50 cents, for the excursion, the boat returning at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Means will be provided for those who wish to proceed to Monhegan on the second day. Arrangements will be made with the Railroads, and notice thereof be given in due season. Persons wishing more particular information will address, R. K. Sewall, Esq., Wiscasset.

MURDEROUS FREAK BY AN INSANE MAN. The Portland *Press* says a few days ago an insane man named Samuel B. Brooks, who had previously been an inmate of the Asylum in this city, was brought to Portland from Boston and handed over to the authorities. He was not regarded as dangerous, but was committed to the Alms house by order of the Overseers of the Poor. After he arrived at the house he became sullen and at night was locked up in a cell. In another cell in the same part of the building was a man by the name of Fabyan, who formerly lived on the hill and has been insane for some time, though not considered dangerous. Thursday night about 11 o'clock, Brooks broke off from his bedstead an iron brace, and with it succeeded in wrenching off the lock from his cell and liberating himself. After leaving his cell, armed with a dangerous cudgel, he liberated Fabyan, and both went to a neighboring room and there demanded from an inmate who was taking care of one of the sick, the key of the upper door, threatening to kill him if he denied. He was frightened and told them that it was in pants pocket. Getting the key they went up stairs and while there the inmate below heard Brooks propose to come back and kill him. He came down, but the man had presence of mind enough to throw his coat over the light and extinguish it, so that Brooks could not find him. Brooks asked for a match but received no answer. He then went went up stairs and the attendant gave the alarm, and several persons ran to the scene, but in the meantime the crazy men had escaped to the yard, where they were captured after some resistance.

☞The Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. met at Bangor on Tuesday, 8th inst. Charters were granted to new lodges at Lovell and Dexter. The Order has increased in membership, 427; number of members now, 2830; number of members relieved during the year, 241; and amount paid, $7578. The Grand Lodge has now $1670. Officers were elected as follows; Grand Master, D. W. Babb of Sacarrappa; Deputy Grand Master, G. A. Callahan of Lewiston; Grand Warden, E. P. Parcher of Biddeford; Grand Secretary, O. B. Whitten of Portland; Grand Treasurer, E. K. Dyer of Portland; Grand Representative, J. E. Hazelton of Portland; Grand Chaplain, A. Rowell of Bangor. After transacting considerable private business the Grand Lodge voted to hold the next session at Lewiston. The following were elected officers of the Grand Encampment: M. W. G. Chief Patriarch, Phineas Batchelder of Bangor; M. E. G. High Priest, Jerome Garland of Biddeford; R. W. G. Senior Warden, C. H. Rich of Portland; R. W. G. Scribe, N. G. Cummings of Portland; R. W. G. Treasurer, Charles B. Nash of Portland; R. W. G. Junior Warden, Warren E. Pressey of Lewiston; W. G. Sentinel, A. N. Yeaton of Bangor.

☞The Supreme Judicial Court closed its August term on Saturday last. The business of the session was exclusively confined to criminal cases. Among the cases disposed of were those of William J. Gove of Newcastle, convicted of rape upon his daughter, 13 years of age, who was residing with her adopted mother in Winslow, and Francis A. Spaulding of Waterville, a married man, 24 years of age, also found guilty of rape committed in May last, upon a highly respectable girl in Hallowell, named Dora J. Thomas. State Prison for life, will be the sentence of each.

☞We are indebted to our friend, Wildes P. Walker, Esq., President of the Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society, for a handsomely printed schedule of premiums and the rules and regulations of the Society for the current year. Its next annual exhibition will take place on the Fair grounds of the Society in Topsham on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th.

☞A substantial temporary bridge was completed on Saturday morning last in place of the one destroyed on the Maine Central Railroad in Hampden on Wednesday night, and the regular passage of trains is resumed. A first class bridge will be built when proper material can be obtained. All the bridges on the road are being subjected to a most rigid examination, and will immediately be put in thorough repair where they are not already so.

☞Supervisor Webb will hold three institutes in Cumberland County this fall—at Bridgton, Sept. 18, at Brunswick, Oct. 2, and at Gorham or Westbrook at a later date, not yet fixed. These institutes will begin on Monday morning in each case, and continue through the week till Friday night. Professors Mason and Bartholomew have been engaged to assist.

☞Rev. Wm. A. Cram has communicated to the Unitarian Society of this city, his desire to be released from his engagement as its pastor, and the matter is now under advisement by the Society.

THE DUBLIN RIOT. The following particulars of the Fenian riot in Dublin on Sunday 6th inst., alluded to in our foreign news summary last week, have been received by telegraph:

The disorders originated in the prohibition by the board of works of the proposed Fenian amnesty meeting, which was organized by Mr. Smyth, member of Parliament for Westmeath; Mr. Sullivan, editor of the *Nation*, and Mr. John Sullivan Byrne, editor of the *Irishman*. All through Sunday, and late in the afternoon, vast crowds of men, women and children assembled round the monument of of the Duke of Wellington, in Phœnix Park, about three hundred yards from the vicegeral residence, where the royal party, including the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are staying. A large force of police stood in reserve to protect the palace, and if possible, to break up the procession. The crowd grew every minute stronger and stronger, until it became so large as to be unmanageable. The procession was formed by Smyth, Sullivan and Nolan, who arrived at the head of five hundred men wearing the green. They were all on horseback, but dismounted on arriving at the monument. The meeting commenced at half-past four o'clock, when Police Superintendent Howe advanced, with a strong escort. At his appearance the people groaned and hissed. He addressed the crowd, but could not be heard. He ascended the steps of the Wellington monument and addressed the crowd, ordering Smyth and his followers to desist, but he could not be heard. After three vain appeals to the rioters he declared that he would use force to break up the meeting, and ordered his men to charge the crowd. No sooner had he given the word of command than he was hurled to the bottom of the monument and barbarously ill-treated. The police with with clubs raised aloft, then rushed upon the mob. A frightful scene ensued. Men, women and children were indiscriminately kicked, beaten, trampled under foot and fatally injured. Several policemen were knocked down, while the rioters fell by scores. The fighting became intensified. Stones were thrown and sticks freely used by the populace. The riot lasted for more than half an hour, during which the police were several times in danger of being overpowered but receiving re-inforcements succeeded in dispersing the mob. Forty-seven people are known to have been fatally injured. Smyth, Sullivan and Nolan, the leaders of the riot, were badly hurt, and a great number of the police force bruised by sticks and stones. The hospitals are full of wounded people, and great excitement prevails in the city. The authorities are firm in their determination to prevent any future meeting, and the leaders of the attempt to-day will be prosecuted. They have all been arrested. During the riot the military were kept in readiness for action in case the police were unable to quell the riot. The troops were about to be called out, when order after strenuous exertions, was eventually restored by the police. The fighting extended over the whole length of the quays. Violent exclamations and insulting epithets were uttered by the rioters against the Prince of Wales and the whole royal family. Over one hundred injured are now under treatment at the hospital.

☞The Farmington *Chronicle* gives the following particulars of the recent death of Mr. Eben Averill and one of his sons, of Wilton, by lightning:

Mrs. Averill lay asleep in the house, and was awakened by two stunning peals of thunder, following each other in quick succession. Her little daughter looked out into the field and told her mother that one of the boys was acting strangely, and Mrs. A. went to the door to see what was the trouble, when she noticed that he was staggering about, falling upon his knees and rising again, apparently in a state of bewilderment. She ran out to his assistance, and did not see her husband and other son until she stumbled over the body of the former. His clothes were on fire in several places, and she extinguished it. Her eldest son was lying near by, but died almost the instant she turned her attention to him. The younger son soon came to his senses. Upon inquiring of him it was found that a bolt came from the cloud, striking Mr. Averill on the right shoulder, crossing his body to the left hip, where a severe contusion was observed, when the trace of the electric fluid ceased. It was almost immediately followed by a second bolt, striking his sons and killing the eldest. Their clothes and boots were terribly torn, but otherwise their bodies were not disfigured. Where they fell the lightning had burned places about three feet square, in the centre of which a hole penetrated the ground to the depth of several feet.

WRECK OF A SCHOONER IN ROCKPORT HARBOR. The Camden *Herald* says that on Friday evening, Aug. 4th, the schooner Julia Newell, Capt. B. H. Spear, from New York with 5100 bushels of corn for Carleton, Norwood & Co., arrived at Rockport in the afternoon and was fastened to the wharf as usual. At low water about 7 P. M., however, she heeled off, staving in her whole starbroad side, and with the other damages sustained, rendered her almost a total loss. Men were immediately put to work taking out the corn, and succeeded in getting out about 1500 bushels, when the incoming tide flowed into the vessel, obliging the suspension of operations. It was only at intervals, while the tide was out, that the remainder of the corn could be removed. On Sunday the schooner was righted, presenting a very sorry sight. On Monday the last of the cargo was discharged. The vessel was insured for $1500. The corn was fully insured in Bangor. An agent of the company came down on Monday, and after examination decided to sell the damaged portion of the corn, which had been swelled by the water, at 20 cents a bushel. The streets of Rockport were made unusually lively on Tuesday by the great number of teams of farmers and other, who came to purchase such quantities of the damaged article as they could use. It was all sold before night. One man bought a thousand bushels for himself and neighbors. Elbridge Carleton took 600 bushels, and some was sold in much smaller lots.

FASTEST TROTTING TIME ON RECORD. In the great race at the Buffalo Driving Park on Friday last for a purse of $5000, Goldsmith Maid trotted three straight heats, without a skip or a break, till the last heat when she was crowded from beginning to end by Lucy, who lapped her throughout after one of the most closely contested heats ever witnessed, and then she only made two quick breaks, one at the start and one at the home stretch. The time was as follows: 2.19¼, 2.19¼, 2.19—the fastest three consecutive heats on record. Lucy came in second and American Girl third.

On coming to the start on the second heat, the left rein of Goldsmith Maid broke and the mare started to run when Budd Doble, her driver, performed an astonishing feat by seizing the back strap, jumping astride the mare's back and seizing the check rein and bringing her to a stand still before she had gone many lengths beyond the Judges' stand.

☞The State Treasurer of South Carolina seems to be doing his best to emulate the rascality of the New York officials. Recent developements have made it necessary to overhaul his accounts, but he refuses to have his books inspected. The Charleston *News* says:

Mr. Treasurer Parker three years ago was little better than a beggar. When elected State Treasurer he was in the depth of destitution. Now he drives fast horses in gold-mounted harnesses, buys fifteen-thousand-dollar diamond pins, and has the reputation of being worth a cool quarter of a million. All this in three years upon an annual salary of twenty-five hundred dollars. These things are known, and, in connection with his recent conduct have an ugly look. A thorough scrutiny of his accounts would have satisfied the people. They now consider that the State Treasurer justifies by his own unwarrantable behavior the worst opinion which has been formed of him."

THE CATTLE TRADE WEST. The Fort Scott (Kansas) *Monitor* gives discouraging accounts of the cattle trade West, notwithstanding the high price of beef in the eastern market. There are now 40,000 cattle within a few miles of that city, and fresh herds are constantly arriving. Not half the cattle are fit for sale that have yet arrived at any shipping points in Kansas, and after six weeks of tedious driving over the plains from Texas, fighting flies by day, and the cattle stampeding nearly every night, the cattle owners arrive at Baxter Springs, to find the prices so low at St. Louis and Chicago, that shippers will not buy at Baxter. They usually sell at about one cent a pound, and last year they brought nearly two cents.

Items of Maine News.

Rev. Dr. H. V. Dexter, formerly of Augusta, has been settled over the Baptist Church in Ellsworth.

Some 250 men are employed grading the extension of the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad, and the work is going on rapidly.

The Universalist Society of Dexter have secured the services of Rev. Mr. Weston, formerly of Rockland, for one year.

A beautiful crane, measuring five feet from tip to tip, was captured in Denmark a few days since.

Mrs. Anderson Bailey of New Gloucester recently lost herself in her husband's corn field, where the stalks are eight or nine feet in height.

Mr. Aaron Richardson of Hiram was drowned on Sunday last, in the Saco river, while bathing. He was about sixty-three years of age, was never married. He will be remembered by the young folks for his eccentricities.

The Poland camp meeting will commence on the 22d. Already some new houses have been erected upon the grounds, and others will be built previous to the meeting.

The Lewiston *Journal* says: On Monday at 10.15 A. M., Mr. Philo Chamberlain of East Auburn was mowing oats in his field. He was taken suddenly ill, and went to the house, where he died at a quarter before 12. He was about 60 years of age.

The Dexter *Gazette* says that within two weeks four establishments in Dover and Foxcroft have declared themselves insolvent. Their liabilities range from $3000 to $12,000. In some of the cases the circumstances appear singular, and much dissatisfaction is expressed.

Patents have been issued this week to George H. Merriman of Portland, assignor to himself and Cyrus S. Clark of same place, for railway car coupling; Lemuel R. Palmer of Belfast, for stave jointer.

The additions to the Congregational churches in Maine the past year were 777; removals, 728; increase of membership, 49.

The rush to the blueberry mountain (Mount Russell) is now very great. Hundreds of persons are going there every day, many of them tenting there for several days at a time. The berries are very abundant and of the finest quality.

The Oxford *Register* says farmers are much encouraged now the grasshoppers are disposed of, from the fact that their corn and potatoes have escaped their depredations, and the refreshing rains within the last two weeks have greatly increased their prospects for an abundant harvest.

Sullivan must be a very unhealthy town, according to the Ellsworth *American*. One and three-fourths per cent. of the whole population of that town have died the past year; and these rates of mortality are not above the annual decrease by death for the last decade.

The Bridgton *News* says a quantity of thread in a pedlar's cart in Harrison caught fire recently from the rays of the sun reflected from the tin ware.

The dogs are making themselves useful in Franklin County. The *Chronicle* says that one day last week Jesse McLain of New Sharon was informed that they were chasing his flock. He started out and found that out of a flock of thirty-nine one was dead, seven had been badly torn and bitten, and six could nowhere be found.

The Bangor *Whig* says the rails are laid on the European and North American Railway to a point twenty-one miles above Mattawamkeag, leaving a gap of only nine miles between the upper and lower ends, and sufficient iron and sleepers are on the spot to finish the line.

Farmers in the neighborhood of Bangor are rejoiced to find that the grasshoppers in that section are afflicted with a vicious little parasite that eats holes in their backs until it fairly honeycombs them.

The *Journal* says that a Mt. Vernon farmer is confident that there will not be twenty bushels of grain raised in that town the present season. All the farmers are buying corn, the trains each day being laden with this staff of life.

Mr. Nathaniel Locke of Hollis had an entire flock of sheep killed by a dog. The owner of the dog agreed to pay $40, which does not half indemnify Mr. Locke. Another neighbor had ten sheep killed by two dogs, and the owner of the sheep succeeded in killing the curs.

On Thursday night, 3d inst., the house, barn and outbuildings of Frank B. Wilber in New Portland were burned. Six tons of hay and about forty bushels of corn which Mr. Wilber had kept over, were consumed; furniture mostly saved. Loss about $1000, fully covered by insurance. The fire originated in the barn. Cause unknown.

The Belfast *Age* says a serious stabbing affray occurred at Troy last Monday. It appears that a man named Payne got into an altercation with his son, a young man about 19 years of age, and stabbed him with a pocket knife, inflicting a serious and dangerous wound.

Mr. Oliver Bowen, Jr., of KNOX, lost his mill and its contents by fire last Friday afternoon. In the mill was a circular saw and a planing machine, also a lot of finished lumber and fire wood. The origin of the fire is unknown. Loss $2000; no insurance. This is the second mill Mr. Bowen has lost by fire within five years, with no insurance.

A dispatch states that the brig Josephine of Brunswick, Capt. Isaac S. Linscott, went ashore on Sand Island, off Machias, on Thursday last, and would probably be a total loss; crew saved. She had a cargo of 700 barrels of flour for St. John.

The *News* says on the 7th the house of Daniel Mackey of West Bridgton took fire from a spark in the chimney, and, but for the persistent efforts of two ladies and a gentleman belonging to the family, must have been entirely consumed. As it was the damage was slight, not exceeding $50. Insured.

The Lewiston *Journal* says that on Sunday morning Mrs. Lydia Curtis, aged 87 years, who lives with her son at Curtis Corner, got up early and went into the barn yard to milk, and while milking, some of the cattle started the cow and threw her down and severely injured her in the hip, so that she has been unable to move since, and is in a critical condition.

On Wednesday morning last Mr. Josiah Priest of Priest's Hill, Vassalboro', committed suicide by cutting his throat with a butcher knife. It was at first thought the wound would not prove fatal, but he has since died. Pecuniary embarrassment is supposed to have prompted the act.

The Bangor *Whig* says a colony of twenty-five souls left New Sweden, last Tuesday, for Brownville, where they will work in the slate quarry of Mr. Merrill, who pays the adults $20 each per month for one year. Mr. John Borgesson, who formerly worked for Hon. Joseph Hobson of Saco, goes with the party as interpreter.

Capt. Daniel B. Norwood of Bangor died on Monday afternoon from the effects of a kick in the groin, received last Tuesday during an affray with Elijah Watson. Watson is said to have acted in self-defence, having been attacked by Norwood.

The Machias *Union* says a young man, son of Joseph Pineo, about eighteen years old was drowned in Little River, at Columbia Falls, while bathing, August 6th.

The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad was formally opened for traffic to Lake Sebago on the 19th of September, 1870. In less than a year the work has been pushed forward to the State line, and beyond into New Hampshire, and to-day the road is open to North Conway, in the heart of the mountain region.

On Monday last, in Bangor, James Rollinson, an Englishman about 50 years of age, fell from a third story window while intoxicated, falling upon his head and causing a concussion of the brain, from which he died the same evening. He leaves a family in England.

Solomon Johnson, one of the first Swedish colonists, who arrived last year with only $20, and could not speak a word of English, went out on Monday of last week with over $700, the result of his labor and the exchange of farms. He can now talk English as well as any Swede in the colony, and is ready to buy an improved farm outside of New Sweden.

The Machias *Republican* says that Gilbert Farnsworth of Columbia Falls, a young man about eighteen years of age, was drowned at that place Sunday, August 6th. He in company with another young man were bathing in the river, and young Farnsworth stepped upon a log and was thrown into deep water, and not being able to swim, was drowned. The young man who was with him was a swimmer and tried to save him, but came near losing his life in the attempt.

Foreign News.

Latest from Europe.

FRANCE.

Paris, Aug. 9. Paul Pia, a former Communist railway controller, has received an appointment on a Swiss railway. Laudick, a delegate of Paris Commune at Marseilles, made his escape to Belgium.

Borne, Aug. 9. The French Minister of Finance has paid the Swiss government 5,000,000 francs for the maintenance of the army of General Bourbaki while it was in that country. Payments will be continued by the French Treasurer at the rate of a million francs fortnightly till the entire indebtedness is liquidated. An order has been given that all French material of war held in Switzerland be returned.

Versailles, Aug. 10. The motion for prolongation for three years of the office of Thiers as Chief Executive power, will probably be introduced in the Assembly to-morrow. Provision is made thereon for the resignation of Thiers in the event of the dissolution of the Assembly before the expiration of his term of office.

The Court Martial has sentenced Rougues, former Mayor of Puteaux, to penal servitude for life, the official prosecutor having insisted that the moderation of language of the accustomed entitled him to some favor.

The party of the Right in the Assembly, demands that Thiers' term of office be prolonged only two years.

It is reported that negotiations between Berlin and Versailles for the evacuation of France, resulted in an agreement, by which the occupation of French territory by German troops will entirely close before the present year.

It is said that M. Thiers urges on the military committee of the Assembly the necessity of having larger armaments and a nominal effective force of 500,000 men in the army.

Paris, Aug. 12. In the Assembly to-day, Rivel, of the left centre, moved that the title of President of the Republic be conferred on Thiers—that all the powers which he has heretofore exercised as chief of the executive, be prolonged for three years—that he be moreover entrusted with the promulgation and execution of the laws; that he be authorized to receive Ambassadors; that his official residence be at the place where the Assembly may sit; that he be lodged at the expense of the Republic, his remuneration to be fixed at a later date; that he shall have the right to appoint members of the Council of Ministers, diplomatic agents and military and naval commands, and that ministers appointed by him shall be responsible for acts to the Assembly.

Adnet, of the extreme right, made a counter motion expressing confidence in Thiers, and continuing his present powers.

Thiers, who was present, asked for a vote of "urgency" on both proposals, and amidst great excitement they were classed urgent.

The court martials hold long and exciting sessions daily and the trials of leading Communists is progressing as rapidly as possible where so large a number of witnesses have been summoned.

Fires set by insurgents continue to rage in the forests of Algeria.

The police of incendissement, Batignolles, have received a hint from Versailles to moderate their zeal in the arrest of Communists.

Versailles, Aug. 14. Debate on the prolongation of Thiers' power, will begin in the Assembly Saturday. It is estimated 500 deputies are in favor of the measure.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, Aug. 9. Assistant Secretary of the United States' Treasury, Richardson, has completed a negotiation of the balance of the New American five per cent. bonds with London House of Jay Cooke, McCullock. The announcement of the arrangement has occasioned considerable advance in prices of all United States bonds in this market.

An Edinburgh despatch says the national festival in celebration of the centenary of Sir Walter Scott, which, by a preconcerted arrangement took place yesterday, Wednesday, instead of on the 15th inst., the anniversary of the birth of the great novelist, was an eminent success. The city was overwhelmingly full.

Edinburg, Aug. 9. To-day has been a general holiday. It is thought that a quarter of a million of strangers are in town. Scotch airs were chimed by bells in all churches and salutes fired at daylight, noon and sunset in various parts of the city. The celebration inaugurated by Centennary Committee of City Council and general public, consists of a banquet in the Corn exchange, a loan exhibition and public procession.

The procession, which was of immense length, started at noon, accompanied by bands dressed to represent the characters in Scott's novels, and marched through the principal streets of the city. Monuments were festooned with evergreens and flowers. The American flag and motto of the Scott family, "Watch Well," were displayed everywhere.

Similar celebrations were held at Glasgow and Aberdeen. Earl Dalkeith forwarded from Banquet Hall various complimentary messages to America and elsewhere throughout the world, to which replies were received.

All the time-honored Scotch games were also played and participated in by many athletics of the country. At the theatres the music played for several days will be exclusively Scotch. The weather, though hot, was delightful throughout the day.

London, Aug. 10. In Commons to-day, Gladstone announced the postponement of the Queens' departure for Balmoral, it had been arranged for next week.

In deference of the condition of the public business, the date of the prorogation of parliament is therefore uncertain.

Mr. Morsell, Post Master General announced that the reduction of telegraphic tolls to six pence for ten words throughout the United Kingdom be made upon the completion of the new general office.

In the House of Lords, Marquis Ripon made a lengthy argument in favor of the ballot in course of which he referred to his experience in the United States, in the most pleasant terms, and paid a compliment to American Institutions.

Earl Shaftesburg made a demand for two months' time for the discussion of the question of the ballot. A vigorous debate ensued, which was participated in by the Lord Chancellor and various other peers and strong expressions in relation to the bill were made on all sides, finally the House divided and the ballot bill rejected, the majority against the government being 49.

London, Aug. 12. In the House of Lords to-day, Lord Redisdale questioned the right of the United States to maintain its demand of indemnity for damages caused by the Alabama, now that the American Government had granted amnesty to the late rebels, and reconciliation with the South was complete. He asked whether the Government intended to bring this point to the attention of the arbitrators at Geneva, and proceeded to argue at great length.

Lord Granville replied that the question of liability for depredations by the Alabama would be argued in all its bearings before the arbitrators by Sir R. Palmer and other eminent counsel are retained on the part of Great Britain, where her interests certainly would not suffer for lack of able and learned defenders.

London, Aug. 12. It is reported that Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, has been appointed the British member of the Board of Arbitration upon the Alabama and other claims pending under the Treaty of Washington.

The report that Chief Justice Cockburn has been appointed arbitrator for Great Britain under the Treaty of Washington, is confirmed. The drawing up of the case for the British government has been entrusted to the Lord Chancellor with Lord Tenterden and Prof. Montague Bernard as assistants. Sir Randall Palmer will act as counsel for Great Britain, before the Board of arbitration.

The *Times'* money article of to-day, states that the balance of the funded United States loan was taken by bankers here, and will be offered to the public next week by Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co.

The regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Squadron came off yesterday. Among the yachts which started was Ashbury's Livonia. The race was won by the Gertrude, which took the Ryde cup. Garion was second, taking the money prize, and the Livonia was sixth. After the race the Livonia went into dock for alteration.

London, Aug. 14. In the House of Commons this evening, there was a lively debate upon army matters. William Henry Smith, member from Westminster, attacked the course of the government, and Mr. Cardwell and Lord Northbrook, respectively, Secretary and Under-Secretary of War, defended the administration of the army. Both of these gentlemen also spoke in opposition to the royal army. The subject was finally dropped without action upon Mr. Smith's motion to that effect.

ITALY.

Rome, Aug. 9. The *Opinione*, in an editorial apparently inspired by the Papal authorities expresses the most favorable opinion of Count de Remenat as the successor of Favre, in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

London, Aug. 11. The Pope has written a letter to a committee who have offered him the title of Pius the Great and a throne of gold. He refuses to accept the proposed honor during his lifetime, and suggests that the money subscribed for the throne be employed in procuring the exemption of students of Catholic seminaries everywhere from military service.

The *World* has a special, an improbable rumor, that Victor Emanuel has offered to restore the quirinal to the Pope, and unite with France and Spain to secure his independence.

GERMANY.

Berlin, Aug. 14. Bismarck has gone to Gastein to attend the meeting of Emperors. The *National Zeitung* denies that a convention has been concluded for the evacuation of the forts about Paris, and the departments of the Seine and Seine et Anise.

ASIA.

San Francisco, Aug. 14. The English press in China denounce the return of the American fleet to Chee Foo as having all the moral effect of a defeat.

Two Englishmen and one German engaged in saving materials from the wreck of the German schooner, Chusan, on Sir James Hall's Island, have been captured by the Creteans, bound hand and foot, slung on bamboos and packed off to the interior of Corea. The British fleet sailed from Japan to inquire into the matter.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A letter received in New York, bearing date of June 21, says that Gen. Garibaldi, during the last few days, has suffered more intensely from his pains than ever before. His old wounds give him great torment. He has had to give up his usual short walks, and whenever he is able to leave his bed he has to sit in a small hand car to take an airing around the fields adjacent to his residence. His greatest delight seems to exist in meeting old friends who are never chary in their visits or kindness to the disabled patriot.

A bill has been prepared by the government, and introduced into the Assembly, to bring the trials of Communist prisoners to a speedy termination.

The Prussian troops acting under telegraphic orders from Berlin have begun to evacuate Troyes.

Corey, the released Fenian prisoner, was wounded in the riot at Phœnix Park, Sunday, and is not expected to survive his injuries.

Guibot and Labonarge and a number of distinguished abolitionists have memoralized the King of Spain in favor of the abolition of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico.

Bismarck, as Chancellor of German, has decided that the school administration of Alsace shall be non-sectarian.

Count Von Moltke is dangerously ill.

Opposition to the prolongation of Thiers' term office is said to be growing rapidly, both in the Assembly and among the people.

The Paris City Council has voted to raise a loan of 350,000,000 francs to be used for the rebuilding and repair of the edifices destroyed or injured during the reign of the Commune.

The gun cotton explosion at Stow Market, England, was terribly destructive of life and limb. Twelve persons were instantly killed or fatally injured, and forty others slightly or severely injured. The intense excitement occasioned by the disaster is increased by the fear which prevails of another explosion.

The Imperial government of Germany as well as the local authorities have adopted the most stringent measures to prevent the spreading of cholera. Twenty-three persons were attacked with the disease at Kingsbury, Sunday, 13 of whom are already dead. No case of cholera has happened in the south of Russia.

Palacios, commanding Matamoras, and Cortina, commanding the line of the Rio Grande, are quarreling over the depredations committed on the American side. A collision is feared and preparations are making for it.

The meeting in Hyde Park, Dublin, Sunday, was attended by 200,000 people, and speaking by prominent radicals denouncing the action of the Sunday previous, took place from several stands. Quiet prevailed.

The latest Brazilian advices state that the bill for the emancipation of slaves passed to its second reading in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Italian government has taken two convents and other property of the church for public uses.

A dreadful calamity has visited the small island of Tagalonta, in the Malay Archipelago, about fifty miles northeast of the island of Celebes. An outburst of the volcano Ruwang, accompanied by a convulsion of the sea and a wave forty yards in height swept all the human beings, cattle and horses from the island. The number of persons which perished was 416.

The Turkish authorities are taking the most stringent measures to guard against the cholera.

Further accounts from Persia corroborates accounts previously received of terrible famine. Tens of thousands of people are already dead of starvation. The country is said to be literally ruined and its population flying to other lands.

A train of cars at Madrid dashed into a standing train carrying Serrano and other officers. Serrano has his foot slightly hurt. There was nobody killed but many injured.

A riot took place in Londonderry, Ireland, Sunday, occasioned by the police scattering a crowd of apprentices led by a member of Parliament named Johnson attempting to form a procession. Several persons were injured.

ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD DISASTER.—The following details of a fearful accident which occurred on Wednesday last on the Maine Central Railroad near Bangor, by which two persons were killed and fifty-nine others more or less seriously injured, we copy from the *Whig* of Friday morning:

About 8 o'clock Wednesday evening it was rumored on the street that the mail train on the Maine Central from the West, which was half an hour late, had broken through the bridge over the Hampden Road at "Crosby's." Reports following confirmed the rumor and every person who could obtain a team started post haste for the

SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT,

which is about a mile and a half below the Bangor House. Hundreds followed on foot, and in less than half an hour after the disaster at least 3000 persons had gathered on the spot. The scene was frightful, and it seemed a miracle that a soul on the train escaped alive.

THE TRAIN,

which was running some 20 miles an hour, was made up of two baggage cars, a smoking car, passenger cars Nos. 91 and 92, (both belonging to the Eastern Railroad) a passenger car belonging to the Maine Central, and the Pullman parlor car "Saturn." It appears that the locomotive and the forward baggage car passed the bridge, which is a Howe Truss, some 50 feet long, in safety, but the engineer heard the timbers crack. Instantly the right side of the bridge broke and

FELL WITH A FEARFUL CRASH.

The second baggage car jumped the rails and ran down the steep embankment to the right; the smoking car followed and was crushed into fragments. The first passenger car ran half way down the bank and turned over on its side, the roof away from the track. Every seat in this car was torn from its fastenings, and with the passengers hurled into the front end. The second passenger car went end-wise down the embankment close behind the first, the floor being thrown up and split off from the sides, which spread apart like an inverted Λ. The seats in this car were not so much smashed. The third passenger car was on the bridge. The Pullman car, the only one left on the track, was about one-third over the broken bridge, its front trucks detached, the front end was crushed from beneath, and the end of the roof torn up.

The forward baggage car left the rails, but was hauled along over the sleepers and *across another bridge*, over a road leading to a wharf a short distance further on. As soon as possible the engine was stopped, something of the extent of the accident ascertained at a glance, and the engine was unshackled from the baggage car and run to the station in this city for aid. All the hacks at the depot were sent for physicians, who promptly responded and hurried to the place of the accident.

The scene in the cars was frightful. The passengers were piled in heaps, covered with broken seats and the fragments of the wreck, and the cry that rose from the struggling masses of humanity is said to have been appalling. Fortunately, the kerosene lamps in the cars were nearly all extinguished, so the wreck did not take fire, but in the dim twilight it was hardly possible to ascertain the extent of the disaster. As soon as those uninjured could release themselves, the search for the injured commenced. As we have before stated, it seemed impossible for any one to escape alive, so completely were the cars smashed up, but the train was not as full as usual, which lessened the number of the injured. As it was, hardly a person in the train but was hurt, more or less. The people living in the vicinity aided in the search, and hospitably opened their houses for the reception of the wounded. Axes, picks and bars were brought, holes cut in the side of the car were necessary, and the work of extricating the passengers shut in by the wreck was pursued with great vigor.

THE DEAD.

Among the first taken out was William Percival of Waterville, a faithful brakeman, who stood at his post between the second and third passenger cars. He must have been instantly killed, as he received two wounds on the head, either of which would have proved fatal; his throat was cut, and both arms and one leg were crushed so that they were, as a bystander expressed it—"as limp as a wet towel." Mr. Percival was about 28 years old, and always bore an excellent reputation. He was ever faithful in his duties on the road, courteous and gentlemanly to all with whom he came in contact, and his loss will be deeply felt by all his friends.

Only one other person was fatally injured, it is believed, Mr. T. Gallagher, a boiler maker, residing at No. 2 Union Place, East Boston; has been at work in Dexter for a short time past, and was coming into the city to obtain some tools he needed. He was buried under a heap of broken seats, and it was some time before he could be released. He was conveyed to a neighboring house, and a physician summoned. His arm was found to be broken, the flesh stripped off the lower part of one leg, exposing the cords and tendons, and a number of his ribs fractured. He also suffered severe internal injuries, and after being removed to a boarding-house on Pine street, expired at about 9 o'clock.

THE WOUNDED.

Sixteen persons were in the Pullman car, all of whom escaped injury, but nearly every one in the smoking and passenger cars was hurt more or less. The following is a list of the casualties, so far as we could ascertain them:

Mrs. Reubsu Soule, Bangor, seriously injured in hip and internally; her little daughter also severely injured.

Capt. Wm. Flowers, Bangor, badly cut in head and leg, and clothing nearly all torn off.

Mrs. Wm. Flowers, Bangor, badly bruised and it is feared injured internally.

Mrs. Abram Woodard, Bangor, was in the car that went through the bridge, and was cut on the head and neck, and seriously contused, rendering her insensible.

Miss Marcia Woodard, Bangor, severely, but not seriously bruised.

Jonas Gray, conductor of the train, two deep scalp wounds, back injured, and it is feared internally.

L. Hildreth, Bangor, head cut and hand crushed.

C. S. Pennell, Brunswick, slightly injured in leg, and one rib fractured.

Rev. George W. Bean, Lewiston, severe bruises on legs.

Mrs. Martin D. Ward, Skowhegan, one arm bruised; her daughter uninjured.

L. D. Emerson, West Waterville, scalp wound.

J. W. Davis of Boston, Special Agent of the Treasury Department, nose and jaw broken, and eye so injured that the loss of sight is probable.

Mrs. Wm. T. Burke, and sister (Mrs. French) Chelsea, all slightly injured.

Miss Minnie H. Burke, Chelsea, right elbow dislocated.

Henry Williams, Greenbush, bad cut in hand.

G. C. Roberts, New York, slightly bruised in leg.

Geo. A. Meade, Boston, clothes torn nearly off, and severely bruised.

W. H. Seymour, New York, slightly injured.

D. Whiting, New York, side badly bruised; Mrs. Whiting uninjured.

James. A Fowle, Woburn, Mass., severely contused.

E. W. Hilton, conductor of Pullman car, arm wrenched and bruised.

Charles Burrill, Corinna, badly bruised.

E. A. Bailey, Portland, severe bruises.

John Wright, Lewiston, wrist jammed and head cut.

George H. Day, Boston, shoulder fractured; Mrs, Day and child not hurt.

Mrs. T. F. Adems, Minneapolis, Minn., head and face cut and side bruised.

Miss N. M. Billings, South Framingham, Mass., head and left arm bruised.

Mrs. Mansell, Bangor, scalp wound, left shoulder, arm and leg badly bruised.

Eugene Lowell, of Orrington, was in the smoking car and was badly contused and cut.

Mrs. Brown of Bath, badly injured; her two children escaped unhurt.

Miss Magoun, Bath, slightly injured.

Peter Hopkins, Bangor, severely injured.

Mr. Shaw, the baggage master, was, with his wife and little child, in the baggage car that ran off, but though badly bruised they escaped serious injuries.

Jonathan Andrews, Veazie, two ribs broken; his daughter Ada, 9 years old, arm broken.

Aaron Loring, Robbinston, face badly cut and legs bruised.

Mrs. Seth Perkins, Ohio street, Bangor, severely bruised.

D. Withers and wife, Bath, slightly injured.

Anson Nason, Bangor, face and head very badly cut, and side bruised.

Irving Ricker, Providence, R. I., right leg broken below the knee, and scalp wound.

Horace B. Cushman, Bangor, ankle and arms bruised, and head and face cut.

Miss Belle Wakefield, Carmel, slight contusions.

Miss Mary E. Butler, Ellsworth, wounded in scalp and throat.

Charles E. Dole, Bangor, leg bruised and clothing nearly torn off.

A Brewer lady, whose name we did not learn, was badly bruised.

Leonce B., son of Joshua Moody, and Fred, son of T. B. Fifield, both of this city, were coming in from Hermon where they had been fishing, and sat in the forward end of the first passenger car. Young Moody had his back, face and neck badly cut, and one thumb split open. The Fifield boy had his front teeth broken off, and his head bruised and cut.

Eliza Jane Daggett, of Haverhill, Mass., was severely bruised in the head and neck.

H. C. Preston, Virginia, had his arm badly bruised in endeavoring to rescue a lady from the wreck of one of the cars.

Wm. O. Ayer, Bangor, cut in the head and right hip injured.

Mrs. Wm. O. Ayer, left shoulder, side and hip badly bruised; her daughter Marion, 2 years old, left side and shoulder bruised.

D. W. Waite, Bangor, slightly bruised.

This list is of course imperfect, as many injured persons were taken to their houses and others left the city on the E. & N. A. and B. & P. trains, or were taken by friends to adjoining towns. All the wounded are reported to be doing well.

THE BRIDGE,

the breaking of which by the engine caused the disaster, is a Howe Truss bridge of some 75 feet span and about 22 feet above the roadway, which it crosses. It was built some 18 years ago, and we are informed that the trestlework was not covered with boards until about 11 years since—very few if any repairs ever having been made upon it. Many timbers of which it is composed are, as any one can see, very much decayed—so much so that they could be pulled apart by the fingers. The Railroad Commissioners have inspected the bridge this season, we are told, and pronounced it safe, but specimens of the outside of the lower chord we have in this office, indicate that their opinion of its safety was not based on a thorough examination.

Various conflicting stories are afloat concerning the bridge; but the matter is in competent hands for investigation, and the evidence before the Coroner's Jury will doubtless throw some light upon the matter.

THE SCENE YESTERDAY,

by daylight, was even more striking than on the previous evening. The cars shattered, overturned and crushed, piled one above the other, the heaps of broken timbers, iron rods bent in every conceivable shape, detached car trucks, broken and bent axles, blocks of granite from the abutments,—all mingled together in a vast pile of *debris*, presented a spectacle which those who viewed will never forget. It seems a veritable miracle that any should have passed through the wreck alive, for railroad men of long experience say they never saw so extensive a smashup in which so few were killed.

A WRECKING TRAIN,

with over a hundred men from the Maine Central shops at Waterville and Angusta, arrived early in the day, and the Pullman car was replaced upon the track. The other cars, being too far gone for repair, were demolished, to make room for the bridge builders, who have already commenced work on timbers for a new bridge.

FARMS IN CALIFORNIA. The San Francisco *Bulletin* says:

"The prices of improved farms in this State rule lower than they did three years ago. Within a few days past two large farms, one of eight hundred acres and the other of one thousand acres, situated in the Napa Valley, between St. Helena and Calistoga, were sold at prices ranging from $36 to $32 per acre. This is certainly a very moderate price for good farming lands in one of the most desirable locations in the State. But thirty to forty miles farther north the prices of very good lands drop down to from $10 to $12 an acre. Sonoma, Napa, Lake and Mendocino counties have suffered very little from the drought this year. Through this whole region the crops are quite as certain in a dry season as in a wet one. Including Humboldt county with the others named, there is room for fifty-thousand more prosperous agriculturists and mechanics, and then there would remain a great many blank spaces to be filled.

☞ A passenger on the steamboat Westfield at the time of the recent explosion in New York, says that none of the crew were in the engine room during the ten minutes prior to the explosion. Another passenger testifies that five minutes before the explosion he saw the engineer asleep on another part of the boat. There is evidence of carelessness on the part of the inspector who recently examined the boiler. The number of deaths foot up one hundred.

Special Notices.

Debility and Emaciation

Both result from the lack of ability to convert the food into nutriment. How necessary, then, for those suffering from these alarming symptoms to immediately resort to a remedy that will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs. For, as soon as this desirable object has been accomplished the health improves, and the patient resumes his usual personal appearance. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have attained a world-wide popularity in such cases, and have proven the best and safest means of removing constipation, toning the stomach, giving energy to the liver, and relieving every symptom of nervousness and depression of spirits. Its cheering and beneficial effects are hi hly spoken of by thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health. No restorative in the annals of medicine has attained the same popularity in the short space of time it has been before the public, or has won the high endorsements accorded to this excellent tonic. Many other preparations, purporting to be correctives and restoratives, have been introduced, and have perished one by one, while the popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters continues to increase, and is now recognized as a standard household medicine. The success which attends the use of the Bitters evinces at once its virtues in all cases of debility and diseases of the stomach. Certificates, almost without number, have been published, attesting its truly miraculous power in removing those painful and fearful diseases. And at this time it seems idle to do more than call attention to the great remedy of the age, in order to awaken public attention to its excellence. I. is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it is therefore worthy of the consideration of the afflicted. 4w35

Important to the Ladies. It is said that ladies who are troubled by pimples, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, &c.; may obliterate the evidences of their mortification, and add immensely to their personal beauty, by the use of an article now being sold by our Druggists, known as Magnolia Balm. We should think such a thing would be very popular. 4w35

The "DOLLAR REWARD SOAP" removes Pitch, Tar, Paint, Sweat and Leather Stains, &c., &c.

The "DOLLAR REWARD SOAP" washes with Hot, Cold, Hard, Soft or Salt Water.

For sale by DEERING, HOLWAY & CO., Augusta.

He is Truly a Stump Speaker

Who, when talking, exhibits a mouthful of stumps. If you would keep your dental fixtures in perfect talking order, use Sozodont *Sozodont* daily; the recipe is simple but sure.

Married.

In this city, 7th inst., by Rev. C. F. Penney, John P. Brown to Laura A. Rankins, both of A.

In Mt. Vernon, by Silas Hopkins, Esq., Chas. F. Smith to Miss Sarah Mender.

In Brunswick, 3d inst., George P. Goddard to Emma C. Sparks, both of Bath.

In Calais, 3d inst., Hon. Charles Perley of Woodstock, N. B., to Mrs. Caroline A. Kelsey of C.

In Skowhegan, 8th inst., Harry C. Varney of Shirley, Kansas, to Martha G. Nay of Skowhegan.

In Portland, 8th inst., Enos Josephs to Mary E. Howard, both of P.

In Auburn, 7th inst., Jos. C. Haskell to Viola L. Blanding.

In Saco, 5th inst., Samuel Patterson to Mrs. Dorcas R. Jameson.

In East Pittston, 6th inst., Benjamin Clark to Mrs. Lizzie C. Watson, both of Pittston.

In East Machias, 1st inst., Leonard Higgins of Machiasport to Mrs. Jane Gardner of Pembroke.

In East Vassalboro', 10th inst., by J. E. Carter, Esq., Eugene F. Wyman of Winslow to Jane E. Mace of Readfield.

In Shecpscot Bridge, Newcastle, 8th inst., by Rev. G. G. Winslow, Frederick T. Thompson to Marin C. Watson, both of Wiscasset.

Died.

In this city, 11th inst., Zenas Percival, aged 76 years 4 months 11 days; 11th inst., Jane W. Tappan, aged 52 years, second daughter of the late Rev. Benjamin Tappan, D. D., of Augusta; 12th inst., Caroline Ann B. Gale, aged 69 years; 12th inst., George W. Reeves, aged 33 years.

At the National Military Asylum, 6th inst., Geo. A. Simonds, Co. K, 3d U. S. Infantry, aged 40 years.

In North Sidney, July 28th, Lorian Hackett Bragg, only son of Nathan B. Bragg, aged 25 years 4 months. Massachusetts papers please copy.

In Brunswick, 8th inst., Washington Woodward, aged 74 years.

In Bolton, 6th inst., Helen A. daughter of W. B. White, aged 21 years.

In Auburn, 5th inst., Samuel Mariner, aged 62 years.

In Paris, 4th inst., Mrs. Caroline F., wife of America Thayer, Esq., aged 70 years 10 months.

In Portland, 13th inst., Hon. Woodbury Davis, Postmaster of Portland, aged 53 years.

In Deering, 13th inst., Seth Clark, aged 88 years 7 months.

In Fayette, 12th inst., Rufus Davenport, aged 74 years 9 months.

In North Fayette, 14th inst., Lois Soper, aged 64 years.

Consumption,
ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE,
By J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

MANY a human being has passed away, for whose death there was no other reason than the neglect of known and indisputably proved means of cure. Those near and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they calmly adopted

DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT,

and availed themselves of his wonderfully efficacious medicines, they would not have fallen.

Dr. Schenck has in his own case proven that wherever sufficient vitality remains, that vitality, by his medicines and his directions for their use is quickened into healthful vigor.

In this statement there is nothing presumptuous. To the faith of the invalid is made no representation that is not a thousand times substantiated by living and visible works. The theory of the cure by Dr. Schenck's medicines is as simple as it is unfailing. Its philosophy requires no argument. It is self-assuring, self-convincing.

The Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the first two weapons with which the citadel of the malady is assailed. Two-thirds of the cases of consumption originate in dyspepsia and a functionally disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbific action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating result, and the setting in, with all its distressing symptoms, of

CONSUMPTION.

The Mandrake Pills are composed of one of Nature's noblest gifts—Podophillum Peltatum. They possess all the blood-searching, alterative properties of calomel, but unlike calomel, they

"LEAVE NO STING BEHIND."

The work of cure is now beginning. The vitiated and mucous deposits in the bowels and in the alimentary canal are ejected. The liver, like a clock, is wound up. It arouses from its torpidity. The stomach acts responsively, and the patient begins to feel that he is getting, at last,

A SUPPLY OF GOOD BLOOD.

The Seaweed Tonic, in conjunction with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Chylification is now progressing, without its previous tortures. Digestion becomes painless, and the cure is seen to be at hand. There is no more flatulence, no exacerbation of the stomach. An appetite sets in.

Now comes the genial Blood Purifier ever yet given by an indulgent Father to suffering man. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup comes in to perform its functions and to hasten and complete the cure. It enters at once upon its work. Nature cannot be cheated. It collects and ripens the impaired and diseased portions of the lungs. In the form of gatherings it prepares them for expectoration, and lo! in a very short time the malady is vanquished, the rotten throne that it occupied is renovated and made new, and the patient, in the dignity of regained vigor, steps forth to enjoy the manhood or womanhood that was

GIVEN UP AS LOST.

The second thing is, the patients must stay in a warm room, until they get well; it is almost impossible to prevent taking cold when the lungs are diseased, but it must be prevented or a cure cannot be effected. Fresh air and riding out, especially in this section of the country in the fall and winter season, are all wrong. Physicians who recommend that course lose their patients, if their lungs are badly diseased; and yet, because they are in the house they must not sit down quiet: they must walk about the room as much and as long as the strength will bear, to get up a good circulation of blood. The patients must keep in good spirits—be determined to get well. This has a great deal to do with the appetite, and is the great point to gain.

To despair of cure after such evidence of its possibility in the worst cases, and moral certainty in all others, is sinful. Dr. Schenck's personal attendance to the Faculty o his own cure was in these modest words:

"Many years ago I was in the last stages of consumption: confined to my bed, and at one time my physicians thought that I could not live a week; then like a drowning man catching at straws, I heard of, and obtained the prescription which I now offer to the public, and they made a perfect cure of me. It seemed to me that I could feel them penetrate my whole system. They soon ripened the matter in my lungs, and I would spit up more than a pint of offensive yellow matter every morning for a long time.

As soon as that began to subside, my cough, fever, pains and night sweats all began to leave me, and my appetite became so great that it was with difficulty I could keep from eating too much. I soon gained my strength, and have grown in flesh ever since.

I was weighed shortly after my recovery," added the Doctor, "then looking like a mere skeleton; my weight was only ninety-seven pounds; my present weight is two hundred and twenty-five (225) pounds, and for years I have enjoyed uninterrupted health.

Dr. Schenck has discontinued his professional visits to New York and Boston. He or his sons, Dr. J. H. Schenck, Jr., still continue to see patients at their office, No. 15 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, every Saturday from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination with the Respirometer will be charged $5. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs, and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not.

The directions for taking the medicines are adapted to the intelligence even of a child. Follow these directions, and kind Nature will do the rest, excepting that in some cases the Mandrake Pills are to be taken in increased doses; but three medicines need no other accompaniments than the ample instructions that accompany them: First, create appetite. Of returning health hunger is the most welcome symptom. When it comes, as it will come, let the despairing at once be of good cheer. Good blood at once follows, the cough loosens, the night sweat is abated. In a short time both of these morbid symptoms are gone forever.

Dr. Schenck's medicines are constantly kept in tens of thousands of families. As a laxative or purgative, the Mandrake Pills are a standard preparation: while the Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure of coughs and colds, may be regarded as a prophylacteric against consumption in any of its forms.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, $1.50 a bottle, or $7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists and dealers. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Agents.

Schenck's genuine medicines are sold in Augusta by CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, opposite the FARMER Office. 1y50

VICK'S
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
—OF—
HYACINTHS, TULIPS, LILIES,
—AND—
OTHER HARDY BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING,

Is now published and will be sent FREE to all who apply. Address JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.
3w37

EMPLOYMENT.

I WANT 1000 agents to canvass for the COMPLETE HERBALIST. I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Girard St., Jersey City, N. J., and full particulars will be sent by return mail. 2w37

Colt Wanted.

Any person having for sale a colt 3 years old, sound, kind and well broken to harness, will please inform the subscriber.
3w37 G. G. STACY, Augusta, Maine.

START A NURSERY—HOW TO. Second edition. Price 25c. Price List of Trees, Plants, Seedlings, Root-Grafts, &c., free. HEIKES' NURSERIES Dayton, O. (Established 1823.) 1w37

VASSAR COLLEGE

WILL open its next year September 20, 1871, when examinations of candidates for admission will begin. Application, stating the name of the young lady, and the post office address of her father or guardian, should be made, without delay, to J. N. SCHOU, Esq., Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who will send to each applicant a catalogue giving full information respecting the College.

HEALTH. The location of the College is beautiful and healthy. The first object of its managers is the preservation and improvement of the health of all the students.

THE COLLEGE FAMILY. The Lady Principal, aided by many lady teachers, exercises a maternal care over the manners and habits of the students, and aims to render their social and domestic life in the College cheerful and happy. In case a student becomes sick, the kindest and best care is given to the case, and the parents notified.

While the College is not conducted in the interest of any religious denomination, it is the desire of its managers to make it eminently a Christian institution.

STUDIES. The College has first class Cabinets and Apparatus to aid the students in obtaining a complete education. Thorough instruction is given in the Modern Languages, as well as in the Classics and Mathematics. Illustrative lectures are delivered in connection with the recitations in the Natural Sciences, English Literature and the Fine Arts.

The College provides first class board, well-furnished rooms, properly warmed and lighted, and the washing of a dozen ordinary pieces a week for each student. For all the foregoing means of the highest education and home care and comfort, the College charges only $10 a week, or $400 per annum. *No extras charges* for any branches of learning in the College, except Music, Painting and Drawing; and the charges for these are very low. 3w37

EASTMAN

BUSINESS UNIVERSITY. The only school in America especially devoted to training young men and boys for a successful start in business life, and for becoming useful, prosperous citizens. The oldest practical Commercial College, and the only one assisting graduates to positions.

Total Expenses, $125.

Address for catalogue of 3000 graduates in business,
H. G. EASTMAN, LL. D., President,
4w37 Poughkeepsie, New York.

For Sale.

In the centre of the town of ALBANY, in Bethel, 6 miles from the Grand Trunk Railway 6 miles from the Grand Trunk Railway, is a large tract of land, suitable for a large stock or sheep pasture. A large pasture is now cleared and considerable of the intervale, the balance wood and timber; a large barn and other good buildings; near Town House and school house. A good stone dam is quite near the premises—formerly a part—from which the mill has recently been burned, which can be obtained reasonably. To any one or two wishing to engage in sheep or stock raising and milling—either or both—this presents a rare opportunity and worth looking at. A. GROM.
Bethel, Aug. 15, 1871. 3w37

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of August*, 1871.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of WILLIAM FARNSON, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the first Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*
Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 37*

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H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*
Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 37*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of August*, 1871.

The Commissioners appointed to assign to MARY ANN CALDER, widow of Samuel Calder, late of Vassalboro', deceased, her dower in the real estate of said deceased, having made return of their doings:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the first Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said return should not be accepted and dower assigned accordingly.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*
Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 37*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of August*, 1871.

JAMES G. BLOSSOM, Executor of the last will and testament of Washington Wilcox, late of Monmouth, deceased, having presented his first and final account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the first Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER

Poetry.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

There is the window over the way
That was lit with a baby's face by day;
But the shutters are closed, and at the door
The doctor's gig for an hour has stood;
And they tell us—the little gossips four
Who bring us the news of the neighborhood—
That the doctor is coming every day
To see the baby over the way.

The terrible scarlet scourge has come,
And brother and sister are sent from home.
Each day they come to the gate to hear
From the mother's lips how the baby is,
And the face is blanching with trouble and fear
That drops from the window a mournful kiss;
For, in spite of the skill of doctor and nurse
The baby over the way grows worse.

When the midnight hushes the city's noise
We hear the cry of a feeble voice,
And know that the room where the light burns low
Holds hearts that watch for the morning light;
What the day shall bring, if they could but know,
They would cling to the lingering hours of night;
For hearts will break with the breaking day
When the long watch closes over the way.

The baby over the way is dead,
And the mourners will not be comforted,
O, desolate ones! no stranger's voice
May break your silence, for words are cheap;
But your griefs we tell by our tenderest joys;
Our four little gossips are fast asleep;
Would it lighten your anguish if you knew
That here in the dark we are crying with you?

—[Rev. Washington Gladden, in Independent.

Our Story Teller.

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

One summer's evening in Lucerne, knots of people were strolling in the direction of the cathedral, going slowly up the shallow steps which lead to the west door, paying their money, entering and scattering themselves about the church. No service was going on; it was the hour during which the famous organ was daily played. When the cathedral was pretty full the music began, the organist pulled out a whole forest of stops; there were great crashes and rain, thunderings and hail-storms. Suddenly a pause. Every one held their breath, and then, as it seemed from some far-away distance, swelled up a soft processional hymn—the famous vox humana stop which all the world goes to hear. It was not a solitary voice, but a chorus, sometimes a little veiled, in which one could distinguish the high treble of the boys, the tenors striking in, and the deep base undertones.

A girl and a young man had stood motionless by a pillar the whole time it lasted. She was a pretty girl, with fair hair plaited thickly, twisted round and round, and fastened with a silver arrow. She never once looked at her companion, but he watched her eyes softening or glowing with the music as it changed, and when it ceased he ventured to draw a little nearer to her, and to say in a subdued tone, "Elsie!"

She did not answer except by a kind of impatient gesture, which had the effect of keeping him silent for a few minutes longer, when he repeated more timidly, "Best Elsie, it is time to be going. The ouhrch is nearly cleared." She turned quickly upon him.

"Ah, heaven, Christian!" she said, with a touch of childish petulance, "now thou hast spoilt it all! I had it in my heart, and thy foolish words have frightened it out. Dost thou suppose that such music as this comes to one every day, that it need be driven away? Do hold thy peace."

The young man looked at her with a little sad wonder, but without answering the impetuous tirade whispered under her breath. Nothing could be more ungrateful of Elsie. It was Christian's thought of giving joy to his beloved which had brought her there. All the time he had left her to herself, only watching the little fair head and the rapturous eyes; in which every change in the music reflected itself. He could not understand it, but he reverenced it none the less. And now her hasty words smote him with a sort of dull pain. He only answered them with a wistful, humble look, which ought to have touched her, but which was, perhaps, as much beyond her comprehension as the music was beyond his. After a while, however, her heart reproached her. It was a foolish, dreamy little heart, nevertheless there lay in its depths a tenderness which hated to give pain, and already she repented of her pettishness to poor Christian—Christian, who cared so much for her—Christian, who blundered a hundred times a day, and was so good all the time. She went up to him penitently, and put her hand on his arm. "It is time to go as thou sayest," was all she vouchsafed; but Christian was radiant.

He followed Elsie when she turned into the cloisters, and stood by her side looking through one of the openings at the lake and the mountains beyond.

"Ah! but it was heavenly," she cried rapturously. "I will never believe it was not real. I think they had put up the choir there in some hidden recess."

"No, no, that is not so," answered Christian, shaking his head. "The deceit would soon be found out. Besides, the uncle mocked me well wnen I thought as thou once upon a time."

This matter-of-fact tone provoked Elsie. "Thou art too wise," she retorted, satirically. Poor Christian thought it was a little bit of praise, and went on:—

"It is sweet, though, as thou said'st. It sounded to me as if it might be angels' music."

"That it is not," cried the girl, pettish again; "and nobody would be so stupid as to say so. Angels' singing would not have had so much to do with ourselves, would not have gone straight into the hearts; it would have made us wonder and worship, but not feel like that. It was not sweet enough for angels. Dost thou not understand, Christian, that it was like the face in the pictures under the bridge, which I showed thee to-day,—one of us, only more beautiful? Thou knowest which I mean."

"The—the abbot?" hazarded Christian, thus driven to bay.

"The abbot!"

Elsie turned away from him, and drummed with her fingers on the stone. The poor fellow had put the last touch to her displeasure. He was so dense he could never understand anything.

"I am a real blockhead at all this sort of thing, I know," he said, looking at her wistfully; but she was not mollified. She went away out of the cloisters, where the sun was shining on the graves, and Christian walked after her down to the little pier. All the boats were drawn up in bright red, blue and green files. Elsie stepped majestically into one not so gay as the rest, and clumsily built. On the seat there lay a withered bunch of the mountain forget-me-not. The poor things had been scorched all day by the sun, and, with a naughty intention of vexing Christian, who had gathered them, Elsie caught them up and dropped them into the water. When she had done it, she looked quickly at him under her long eyelashes; but Christian, although he had seen the little action, did not guess the motive. Since the flowers were dead, it was best they should be thrown away. All the vexation she had desired to create recoiled upon Elsie. She would not even look at him, but sat with her head turned away, her eyes upon the opposite shore, and her hand over the side of the boat, letting the beautiful blue-green water ripple through her fingers, while Christian, with a few powerful strokes, sent his boat out from among the little fleet of vessels toward the middle of the lake.

Christian lingered over his strokes, for, although it pained him, he could not deny himself the pleasure of watching her. Evening was drawing on, the boat rippled gently over the soft green water, all round the quiet mountains kept their sentinel watch, the trees took sombre colors, the graceful spires of the cathedral rose high above the other buildings, a little light twinkled from the Righi-Kulm, a stronger one from the summit of Pilatus flung a quivering line upon the lake, soon more lights flashed out at Lucerne, stars shone overhead, innumerable golden streaks broke the still surface of the water, the great bell boomed out from the cathedral, and everything was indescribably soft and peaceful.

Elsie's nature was too impressionable to remain unaffected by the beautiful repose. She knew she had been cross, and as she felt the anger dying out of her heart, she thought she was conquering it, whereas she was only allowing herself to be conquered by a new set of feelings.

"Dear heaven, how pretty it is!" said Elsie, clapping her hands softly. She knew that Christian's face would brighten, as it did, only there still remained a sadness which she did not see. Once or twice, imperceptibly, he shook his head, even while a tender smile at her vagaries rested on his lips. For the girl had fallen into a playful mood, which lasted until he had brought the boat under the landing-place of one of the little villages which stud the borders of the lake, and she had sprung on shore, laughing, before he had time so much as to hold out his hand.

"Good evening, Herr Amrhein, she called out merrily, darting away from the water's edge. He stood upright, watching her vanish into the dusky shadows of the houses, then turned round with a sigh, and began to tie up the boat.

Christian Amrhein and Wittwe Rothler lived within a stone's-throw of each other. The little village, after making a bold front by the water's edge, and showing off its best inn with green shutters, and great tubs of oleanders, and creamy white, heavy-scented daturas ranged along under the balcony, ran backward and upward toward the mountain, in a kind of straggling picturesqueness. A little stream danced merrily down over a rocky bed; the houses were chiefly of wood, all had rough sun-shutters, and they lay in a pretty fanciful setting of tiny gardens, meadows of long grass bright with pink and blue flowers, and great walnut and cherry trees dotted thickly about. These jeweled meadows were kept for the hay crop; the goats and cows were kept up in the Sennen Alps, finding their summer pastures. This year they had been unusually delayed. The winter had returned again and again, snow had fallen on the mountains at a time when old Wilhelm Sturm, the oldest peasant of the commune, declared it to have been hitherto unknown; since then, cold, bleak weather had kept the snow from melting, until suddenly a burst of glorious sunshine brought on the backward season with fairy-like rapidity. The lupins were springing up lithe and tall, the the flax developing, all the dairies in activity, the walnut mills set in order, the schools broken up. Every one was hard at work, digging, herding, or making butter and cheeses. Elsie had been with the other girls at the pasturage, for Wittwe Rothler had but one cow, and her produce went into the common stock; Christian's cows were on the Alps with the rest, and his mother and sister and two stout girls of the household besides, but he himself had his own work on the farm to do. Elsie, who was under Frau Amrhein's care, came down for a few days, because her mother was ailing and wanted her; and then, in the midst of all the sweet busy pastoral work, Christian contrived this little holiday for his beloved. She had long desired to go to Lucerne and to hear the famous organ, and he could not resist giving her the pleasure. He thought it would be altogether delightful to row her across the lake and to see her happy face of surprise.

And now it seemed as if there had been a great deal that was not delight mingled with it.

Never before had he been so conscious of a wall between himself and Else. Her happiness, perhaps, lay in a world where he could never join her; how could souls so separated ever unite? He thought of it sadly, without one tinge of bitterness; his serious, sweet temper never resented her little fits of impatience, but with all the humility which accepted slights from her hand, he possessed also a solid common-sense, which kept him from sinking into a false position. Elsie had consented to marry him, but if he were not clever enough for her to love, such a marriage should never be.

He had come out of his house, and walked through a meadow ankle-deep in grass and flowers, up toward the little torrent, thinking these thoughts as he went. Just as he reached a spot where a rough trough carried off some of the clear, sparkling, rushing water toward a meadow on the other side of the village, he saw Else. She had come out from her mother's cottage, and seeing Christian she stopped.

"Come, Elsie," he said.

"Art thou going to the pasture, then?" she asked, wearily.

He stood and looked at her for a moment before he answered. She wore a dark stuff skirt, short, with an ornamental bodice; the sombre-colored material set off her fair face, the shining light hair, and the gleaming silver arrow among the plaits. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes, and yet it struck him with a sharp, intolerable pang.

"Yes, I am going—this once," he muttered, under his breath, so that Elsie did not hear.

The two, going away together, walked side by side silently. All the imaginative part in Elsie's nature had been quickened and thrilled by the music of the day before—the strange, sweet human voices answering the crash of the tempest. She wanted some vent for her feeling; Christian could not understand it, and she wished him away and herself alone with the grass, the trees, and the rushing torrent. And he had a purpose which made him draw his breath tightly, and crush down the passionate leaping of his heart with a stern determination not often excited in him. It kept him from speaking for a while. They went up a scrambling path into an open space, and then through a sort of fir-glade.

Here in the warm sunlight, with Elsie by his side, it seemed to Christian, poor fellow, as if a subtle, delicious charm was about him. And yet, although they were together, were they not separated?

"He is thinking of the brook," said Elsie to herself, glancing at him and yawning.

Unfortunately at this moment, Christian's thoughts did take that turn. "Certainly the snows must be melting fast," he said, meditatively.

"Always the same," thought the young girl, provoked. Aloud, she said, with a certain defiance, "I wish they would melt faster."

"Then the stream would overflow."

"Why not?"

"And the crops at least would be spoiled," said Christian, with increasing gravity.

"As all events that would make a little variety."

He looked at her in mute wonder. To propound such a sentiment was so utterly out of nature that Christian forgot his perplexities in sheer amazement.

"It would!" she burst out, passionately. "I am sick of hearing but one subject from morning till night. Are there no creatures in this beautiful world but cows and goats? Is it to be always the same, always the same? Ah, dear Heaven, what is this to live for? I will, I will be dead," she cried, suddenly stopping in her rapid walk. But the moment he approached her she started on again. "No, Christian, no, my friend," she said, more kindly than she had yet spoken, "thou canst not understand. I do not know what ails me to-day—I am tired—cross—it is nothing." And then in a very undignified fashion she began to cry.

Christian was very pale. Elsie's trouble was more petulance than sorrow—the complex, unreasonable working of a girl's fanciful nature—but in his eyes it was all deep and sacred, and it moved him inexpressibly. If only he might have comforted her in any way but this! What would he have given to have taken this dear one to his pitiful heart and hushed her sobs in his arms. Alas, was it not rather the putting her far from him that only could give her what she wanted?

"Elsie," he said in a low voice which made her look suddenly at him, and turn a little pale, too—it is not very often in a life-time that a heart speaks without any veil between us and it, but when it does, it compels us to listen—"something ails thee, what is it?"

"I do not know," she answered in a tone as low as his own. She had so long been accustomed to think of Christian as unable to understand anything below the surface, that she wondered a little over his discovery. And her words were true. She did not really know what was the matter with her. "I do not know," she repeated dreamily, keeping her face turned away.

"I can tell," said Christian, sadly; "my love is too heavy a burden for thee. We have known each other always, and so I fancied thou mightest have cared enough for me to be happy if we were husband and wife. That was my mistake," said the poor fellow, with his straight-forward humility. "I might have guessed I was not clever enough for thee. I have come with thee to-day to tell thee thou art free——" Then he stopped. He meant to have said more, but something choked him.

As for Elsie, she was startled altogether; startled and, it must be confessed, a little piqued. A certain sense of freedom flashed upon her, it is true. She had been fretting against her chains, and, behold! they were suddenly lifted off. But then—that Christian could do without her! She raised her head and walked on steadily under the fir-trees.

"What have I done to displease?" she said, with a certain defiant hardness in her tone.

"Displease!" he cried passionately. And then checking himself, he went on gravely. "I have thought it before, but only yesterday I knew it. But, Elsie, it is natural. I saw yesterday how thy heart was all full of beautiful thoughts which I could not reach, and that it grieved thee. If it grieves thee now, it would be a hundred times worse when we were married. We should live apart—it would be no true marriage."

She glanced at him hurriedly. She had not believed that he could think or speak as he was speaking now, for his was a reticent nature, requiring a strong force to bring his thoughts to the surface. There is often a humiliation in finding out how we have looked down upon such natures, which, after all, have depths beyond us. Elsie had not yet realized this—perhaps she was yet too much of a child to realize any power that was latent—but she felt sorry for poor Christian; more sorry for him than glad over her own liberty, and thinking of his trouble, she said slowly:—

"Perhaps. But thou?"

She got no answer. He might not have been able to trust himself to speak; this at least was how she read his silence. A storm of conflicting feelings rushed through her heart—it was as he said, she felt her dreams, her imaginings, to be far above him; she lived in a world which she believed to be as high out of his reach as the snowy summits yonder were beyond the lowly goat herd. She nursed her solitude until it became dreary and barren. But all the time, beneath these grand aspirations, there lay a tender womanliness, hating to cause pain. Elsie felt like a queen descending; nevertheless she would step down from her throne. Christian's self-sacrifice should not make him miserable. She stood still and put out her hands to him with a pretty girlish shamefacedness.

"Let it stay as it is, Christian; I am content."

He took her hands—took them very tenderly in his. But he did not break out into the glad exclamation she expected, and when she glanced at him in a little reproachful wonder he shook his head gently. She could only suppose that he did not understand as—usual.

"Why?" she asked, eagerly. "For my sake?"

"No; for my own."

She colored crimson now, and struggled to withdraw her hands. But he held them tight, tighter than he knew.

"Let me go, let me go, Christian," she cried angrily. She would have fled up the mountain if he had released her.

"Wait till thou hast only heard," he said, with a determination which had its influence; "it is right thou shouldst understand. What I said was not all unselfish. Elsie, it was not only to release thee from thy burden,—I thought of myself too. The husband must be first in the household, and in ours he would be the second. Thou dear one, thou couldst never be anything but kind and good and mild, but all the time thou wouldst look down on me in thy heart, and I should know it in mine. There could be no happiness for either of us. Look," he said, smiling a little grave sad smile, "thou art like the beautiful clear water that rushes down, evermore down to the lake, and I am like the great dull stone it dashes over."

He let go her hands as he spoke, his eyes fastened themselves on her face as if to drink in the happiness he was renouncing—with a spring, like a deer, she darted from him, and ran up the steep path.

Elsie came down from the pastures, Christian Amrhein went about his farm, and no one as yet knew of any change in the two—it remained a secret between them; and there was another secret which they did not even share with each other—the sorrow from which each was suffering. "She is happy again now," Christian would say to himself with a sigh, all the while vigorously cutting away at the flowery grass as if he had no other thought in life. "He will soon be betrothed to Anna Lenz," mused Elsie. How little we know of the hearts of even our dearest!

Wittwe Rothier knew no more than the rest of the world. Christian had not been to the house, it was true; but to her practical soul, hay-making was more important than love-making any day. She was ill, too, and Elsie was glad to remain in the house and attend to her, rather than risk a meeting with Christian. It would come before long, she knew; the little village was too small for neighbors to avoid each other, and the poor have not the luxury of the rich—departure. Such an idea never entered the young farmer's head. I do not even know whether to such home-loving souls it would not have been even a fresh trouble instead of a relief; at any rate, he would stay, work, when his time came, die, and be buried in the little churchyard with its wooden black crosses crowned with withered wreaths and set in the midst of quaint little box-like flower-beds.

One evening he had to speak about some farming business with Thomas Strum, the grandson of old Wilhelm. The men leaned against a low wall in front of the inn and looked down at the green water under their feet. The day had been hot and the evening was even more sultry, yet the lake beneath them was stirred, the water splashed against the wall, and every now and then a sudden puff of air came in their faces. Nothing could have been more full of beauty than the cloud-forms which rested upon the top of the mountains, softening without hiding the rosy gleams behind. There was a curious stillness and yet unrest, little movement to the eye, but sounds of distant rumblings and wailings, as if some mighty power was drawing near. A tame goat, bleating piteously, came and thrust his nose into Christian's hand; the men, lifting themselves wearily, looked over the lake,—now stirred to its very depths,—and then at each other. For a few minutes neither spoke; it seemed as if the oppressive stillness kept them silent; then a swoop of fresher air rushed across the water sudden and momentary.

"It is the Fon," said Thomas at last, breaking the spell.

The Fon,—a hot, sultry, furious hurricane, coming up from the great African deserts, deserts, lashing the lake into fury, battling with adverse currents, sweeping off every little obstacle in its way, slamming open doors, loose shutters, tearing down the pretty bright flower-pots from the window-sills, unroofing sheds, scattering everything far and wide. People came running out from their doors in terror. "The Fon, the Fon!" in every mouth. The cure was there, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper; all the women who were not up on the pastures, running, shutting doors, doing all they could against the sudden attack. The village was very like a great family, and Christian, as the largest proprietor, was looked up to as a kind of head.

There was no sleep that night; the Fon took care of that. The fierce, hot blasts raged with increasing violence; people hurried about in the strange sultry darkness with a horrible oppression weighing upon them.

When morning came they hoped that, as is frequently the case, the violence of the wind would moderate, but the increasing light only seemed to make the havoc more apparent; trees were torn up by their roots, great green branches of walnut wrenched off and tossed to and fro; other trees, that as yet had resisted the destroying power, were scorched and withered as if by fire; houses were unroofed, shutters hanging loose, the new-mown hay whirled far away from the meadows, the white daturas torn, broken, discolored; fierce, leaping waves raging against the wall; all the delicate pastoral beauty swept away by this awful resistless force. There was no shutting it out, no conquering it.

In the village the second night was not so confused as the first, for though the causes for alarm remained, the people had become a little used to them. Some of the women stayed composedly in their houses, a few even slept, overpowered by fatigue and the dry, stifling heat, but the greater part had taken refuge in the church, and had gathered their children there.

"How long will this last?" asked the priest of Thomas Sturm, when the morning light revealed a further work of destruction.

"Only Heaven knows," answered Thomas, "when even my old father has never seen such a Fon."

"I, for one, shall be content if nothing worse comes," said Christian, who had joined them.

"Worse?"

"I am thinking of the stream. This wind will melt the snows."

The cure was a brave man, but he looked at Christian for a moment with the trouble of a new horror in his eyes. Thomas broke in: "No fear. My father says the Fon melts too gently for that work, and he knows its way better than any man in the valley."

"That is true," Christian answered, yet I cannot feel at rest about it.

"My father is sure to be right," said Thomas obstinately.

Just then his youngest child, a golden-haired, round-faced little girl, escaped from her mother and came running to him, stretching out her little hands, half-crying, half-triumphant in her struggle with the hurricane. He lifted her in his arms, held her tight, and wrapped his coat round her. So the two remained. Her head against his breast, his arms clasping her.

"Let us go and give a look at the stream," said Christian.

"It is no higher than I have seen it twenty times," said Thomas with a triumphant confidence in old Wiheim's experience. He had little Marie's soft golden head pressed closely against him, and was holding her tenderly.

"I believe it is all safe," Christian said, turning away; and then with a sudden shout of horror and at clutch a Thomas' arm—"Ah, dear Heaven!" he cried, "look—look!"

For from the height where, on peaceful summer days, they could see the little innocent stream dancing downwards, a vast body of yellow water was coming, leaping, raging, spreading over the rock, hurling great trees before it, with a roar before which the Fon sank into insignificance. Swift and terrible this new enemy rushed upon the unconscious village; for a moment its awful approach stunned Christian; then with a cry from the very depths of his heart he sprang to meet it—it was like a horrible nightmare; he ran, yet he did not seem to move, his arms were stretched out, "Elsie! heart's beloved!" he cried in agony, There was the farm; he did not see it; he saw only the cottage with its closed windows. Quiet? ah!—the roar was in his ears—upon him: he saw the walls rock, gape, fall—one moment, and the awful enemy had him in his grasp, and was whirling him along unconscious, inert.

In the little dim church were the cure and his small congregation, almost all the women, a number of children and a few old men. The cure who had but just entered, was kneeling in prayer; the women were huddled together in little groups, many had been there all night, others had now come in; one girl among these latter had knelt a little apart, her face buried in her hands. Suddenly it seemed as if the noise and fury outside increased tenfold; with it came the rush of water, and a shrill, terrible shriek, piercing the dull roar and the hearts of the listeners. The women started from their knees to the door; the cure, who was there as soon as they, was the first to open it, standing so as to keep back the eager, terrified group. But they saw.

Some fell on their knees; others, shrieking wildly, "Fritz!" "Thomas!" "Mother!" names at that moment dearer than life, tried to rush out into the flood. It was all the priest could do to hold the door against them, and to force it back and bolt it. For, in spite of the church standing on its little hill, the yellow turbid water was there at his feet, and as the door opened, rushed in a little stream into the building. The women broke out into an agonized wail; Lisa Sturm dragged herself on her knees to the cure: "Let me go, let me go," she sobbed; "I have Thomas out there," and then looking round her wildly. "Ah, and my little Marie, too!"

"Yes, poor mother. With her head on her father's breast.

Then a young girl pressed up against him frantically.

"I must be let out," she cried, desperately, trying the lock. "I must, I must.—I am Elsie Rothler, and my poor mother is ill in her bed. I only came for one minute, because she would not rest unless I did. I hear her crying to me, 'Elsie, Elsie!' Oh, your reverence, you were always good to me—let me out!"

What could the poor priest do? The terrible pathos of these beseeching voices pierced his heart like a knife. He did the best he could. There, by the door, under which the little yellow stream of water was gurgling, he knelt down.

"My children," he said, in a voice of unutterable compassion, "there is One who once stilled hungry waves into a great calm. Let us pray to him."

What a prayer! But it calmed them, as he expected; those who had been frantic now only wept and moaned softly, Lisa Sturm saying over and over again, under her breath: "My little Marie! my little Marie!"

The Fon had suddenly moderated, as if its work were finished; the hot sun shone overhead; the mountains, unmoved by the din and turmoil beneath, lay with the majestic light of heaven upon their faces; but here, in this little nest of homes, where but a short time ago it had seemed all sweet, plentiful peace, what a contrast! No green meadows were left; here and there a little hillock just raised its crest about the yellow, muddy waters; a few trees remained to show where orchards had smiled; half a dozen houses were, like the church itself, surrounded but not destroyed; everywhere else were gaunt, wooden ribs rising out of the water, solitary gables, posts, bits of roofs, perhaps a broken balcony hanging to the side; all round a terrible desolation, a floating waste of wood, trees, dead animals—what else? Everything was invested with a horrible, nameless dread.

The flood was not rising. It came towards them in waves, and was at least ten feet deep below the church; but whether a large outlet had been forced into the lake, or from some other reason, it did not appear to grow higher.

"If only I could get out!" sighed the cure.

"Then one of the old men cried out to them from the tower windows, in a feeble cracked voice of exultation, "A boat is coming! We see it."

Despair changed to excitement, and every movement of the boat was proclaimed by eager women.

"It draws nearer!"

"Ah, dear Heaven! how slowly they row!"

"Think of the current.

"Where can they land?"

The boat came on slowly. Some one stood up in it and waved, and a woman fell on her knees in the water. "It is Walther, my Walther!" she cried, sobbing and laughing at once.

Lisa Sturm said humbly, with a quiver in her voice which went to the cure's heart: "Will your reverence be good enough to tell me the moment you see our little Marie? My eyes are not what they were, and the child is such a little thing," and then she broke off and looked at him wistfully.

"Thomas is not there," said old Wilhelm, shading his eyes with his hand, and shaking his head.

"I think he would not come in the first boat," she answered in the same pleading tone; "but the child—she is so little."

The priest took her hand, greatly touched. "Lisa," he said very quietly, "sometimes our Father takes his little children from our arms into his."

For he had seen that little Marie was not in the boat.

The boat rowed up; women rushed into the water and dragged it in with cries of joy. Who were there? Karl, Franz, Walther, Fritz Pinter, Heinrich Lenz, two women and two dark figures lying at the bottom of the boat. All the men were more or less hurt; all looked solemn and awe-stricken. In the midst of a torrent of questionings, they kissed their wives or mother without any outbreak of joy. The cure and others went to lift out the dark figures.

"Jammed in some woodwork," said Franz briefly.

Johann Schmitt was taken out first—white, motionless, with sodden clothes. His wife was away at the Sennen Alps.

"He is dead," said one said in a hushed voice, and no person contradicted it; but they carried their sad burden into the church, and the priest directed them how to use certain simple remedies. As he went back to the boat he met the second little procession—the second heavy, silent burden, more ghastly than the last, from a deep, cruel cut across the head.

"Who is it?" asked the priest, who could not recognize the face.

"Christian Amrhein," said Fritz, to whom his mother was clinging rapturously.

And then the cure saw that Elsie was at the head. She had run out from the church and was in the boat before any one could stop her, kissing the white, stained face in passionate silence, and as she would let no one take her place, the men had passed a coat under his shoulders and carried him so, Elsie holding his head. They all loved Christian and were very tender with him, but they shook their heads in answer to the cure's questioning look. When they laid him down gently a whisper went round, and the good priest tried to draw the girl away, but she hitted her head and locked at them all resolutely.

"He is not dead," she said. "My mother is dead, I know, but God has given me back Christian."

Was it so, indeed?

They cut his hair and bound up the gaping wound. The cure made a fire at which to dry the men's wet clothes, and then, while the boat was gone to fetch another load there came a trying time of inaction. When the boat returned there were more joyful greetings, more questions of sick anguish, more talk about what had or had not been saved.

So far as they could tell, four men were missing, Thomas Sturm among them; then there was little Marie and Elsie's mother, and the two lying within the church; and, when the heavy tale was told, it was, after all, only a wonder that so many had been saved from that terrible death. Not long after there was a stir at the door. Other boats appeared on the lake as the storm subsided. Some of them rowed about outside, trying to pick up those portions of the universal wreck which had been swept into the lake.

One at last dragged in a heavier burden, with which they rowed directly to the church. This it was which caused the stir, this something—reverently covered, solemnly lifted out, brought into the church, with the cure walking before it. Lisa Sturm rose from her knees and went to meet it, putting out her hand and trembling violently. Some one tried to stop her.

"Take off the cloth," she said, in a hoarse, strained voice. "That is Thomas."

At a sign from the priest the men obeyed. Her instinct was true,—there, calm and still, lay her husband, and there, too, clasped tight to his breast, lay little golden-haired Marie. That embrace had never been broken; his arms were round her, the fair little head pillowed against him, when quick, sudden death came leaping down and riveted it. There was something so tender, so peaceful, so holy in the attitude, in the faces, that it hushed all mourning; the wail died away on the mother's lips, the priest crossed himself and knelt down beside these still, passionless figures; Lisa glanced at him, trembled, bent down and kissed each face—husband and child—covered the faces, and knelt down also.

About an hour afterward one of the boats came back with a doctor. First of all, the women who were watching brought him where Johann and Christian lay a little apart from each other. They knew that Johann was gone beyond the reach of all skill, only his wife was away, and it seemed more fitting to these simple folk that the doctor should say in plain words that no more could be done by any of them. And then he turned to where Elsie still kept her faithful watch, with the yellow sunlight shining upon her hair, her hand under the dear head, her eyes upon those closed eyes that had looked so sadly at her when last she met their gaze.

"He is alive—that is all," said the young doctor gravely. After all he could not do much, and the women looked at little Elsie, poor child, and shook their heads as the minutes came and went, and brought no change. But the border land was not passed—there came a slight fluttering movement, a gasp; the doctor was at his head in a moment—another painful breath, then the wondering eyes opened and fixed themselves on Elsie, wandered away, returned, the lips parted: "Heart's beloved," breathed Christian in the faintest, feeblest sigh; her arms were around him, and the doctor, half-scolding, half-laughing, became peremptory at once.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

☞A Congregational minister of Boston was caught, one day last week, swearing at a cow that had kicked over a pail of milk. On being reprimanded for his profanity, he said he only swore on such occasions, and thought he should have to give up being a Christian, or else trade off that cow.

Miscellany.

Saratoga Correspondence New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Romance of a Colored Waiter's Life.

Year after year Robert Jackson has been the second waiter at the Union and the head waiter at Congress Hall, but the careless crowds have not known that through his veins courses the proudest Virginian blood. Robert is a small, well-made quadroon, fashioned, perhaps, after the same mould as Stephen A. Douglas, for his head closely resembles the Little Giant. His grandfather was General Harry Lee, of revolutionary light-horse cavalry fame, and his mother was a slave woman named Jenny, a maid of Mrs. Lee. Soon after the birth of William Jackson, the head waiter's father, Jenny was sold to Colonel Stewart, of Frederick county, Maryland. The boy William showed extraordinary intelligence, and became a pet of his master, and on the death of Colonel Stewart found himself free, by a clause in the will. William went immediately to Washington, where he had been many times with his master. There he met John McLean, Postmaster-General under Martin Van Buren, and a friend of his old master. Judge McLean appointed him a messenger in the Post-Office Department, at a salary of $600 per anuum.

WM. JACKSON WINS A WIFE.

While a messenger in the Post-Office Department, William Jackson met a beautiful long-haired octoroon, *slave* of old Judge John Stewart, of Baltimore. The slave girl's name was Rachel, and she came to attend Miss Stewart, one of the fashionable Baltimore belles, at one one of President Van Buren's receptions. William lost his heart with the dusky maid, and soon went to Baltimore to get Judge Stewart, who owned her, to consent to their marriage.

"No, sir," said the Judge, indignantly, "Rachel is a slave, and she *must marry a slave.* If she married a free nigger she will be running away herself, and, besides, I don't know when I may want to sell her to the New Orleans traders."

"Then I can never marry her?"

"Never, until somebody buys her from me," replied the Judge.

Rachel was sent to the Frederick county farm, and thither William went in the night to hold a consultation with her. First it was resolved to run away. But there was no chance of success. The Fugitive Slave Law was in effect; passes were required by the slaves on the plantation, and to run away was surely to be caught, returned, and then a dreadful whipping followed.

"What can we do!" sobbed Rachel.

"I know," replied William; "I will buy you myself."

"But you have no money."

"I can work and earn it," replied the determined lover.

"How much will you take for Rachel?" he asked of Judge Stewart the next day.

"Well, a thousand dollars will buy her," replied the hard-hearted Judge.

William went to work—every cent was saved, he even going on foot into Frederick county by night, to see Rachel, where they held solemn consultations and hoped only for the time when he could buy her and own her and make her his wife.

Think of that, mercenary *beaux*, heartless fortune-hunters of Congress Hall—think of toiling night and day, and then think of paying your last cent for the love of a woman.

Two years rolled around, and nine hundred dollars gladdened the sight of William Jackson. Christmas came.

"What shall I give you for Christmas this year, William?" asked the good old Postmaster-General of his trusty messenger.

"Anything, Mr. Secretary."

"But what would you like most?"

Then William told the story of his and Rachel's troubles—how he was afraid that she would be sold, how he loved her dearly, and how he lacked still a hundred dollars to buy her.

The old Postmaster-General took off his specs, wiped his eyes, and then put them on again. Then he fumbled in his pockets. "Five—ten—twenty—thirty," he counted, and then he handed William *a hundred dollars!*

Too happy to live, William immediately started for Judge Stewart's.

"Here, Master John," said he, with his eyes all aglow with joy," here is the thousand dollars—now I want Rachel."

"My God! William, you don't tell me so!" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, I sold Rachel yesterday for $1,200, to go to Mobile."

"When is she going?" asked William nervously.

"She's gone already—went yesterday. She will be in Lynchburg in three days by the boat."

Broken-hearted and crushed in spirit William hurried back to Judge McLean, in Washington. The Judge heard his story. Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were in the Judge's room, and they both took a deep interest.

"Let's raise the money and send William after her," said the generous Webster.

"He would be seized a dozen times as a fugitive," said the Judge, "and they'd sell him, too."

"I'll send my private Secretary," said Mr. Webster, and so he did.

There was no telegraph then, nor cars, but the Secretary took the Potomac river boat, and with $1,200, contributed by William Jackson's friends in the Department, overtook Rachel, showed Mr. Calhoun's letter, endorsed by several Virginians, bought her and brought her back. Calhoun, Webster, and Judge McLean saw them married the next week.

Our head waiter, Robert Jackson, afterward waited on Webster and Calhoun in their old age at the old "Indian Queen Hotel," in Washington, now called the Metropolitan, where in '34 he met Mrs. Joseph C. Luther, a present *habitue* of Congress Hall, on her wedding tour. Mrs. Luther took Robert to Swansey, Massachusetts, instructed him, and a few years afterwards he made an engagement at the Union Hotel. During the winter he catered for those eccentric bachelors in New York, Mr. T. H. Faile, Mr. Edward Penfold and Mr. Robert McCrosky. Only the former survives. In 1868, Robert became head waiter at Congress Hall. He caters for New Yorkers in the winter at 206 Waverly Place. Robert has, perhaps, the largest acquaintance of any one in Saratoga. He knows old Presidents and scions of royalty, knows distinguished savans, poets, statesmen and historians. He lives in a beautiful vine-clad cottage on Washington street, in Saratoga, where the guests of Congress Hall frequently call upon his wife, who is one of the neatest housekeepers in Saratoga.

An Indian Juggler.

While the tom-tom was beating and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared the bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip around his loins. The time now seemed to have come for the detective's eye! So just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and the tom-tom beat and the pipe trilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. He cheerfully complied, and I examined it carefully, which was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering, which was thin, almost transparent; and certainly had nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intensity that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him go on, feeling sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; he then lifted the basket off the ground, and behold, a green plant a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations.

After having sat a little while to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer, that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before, that the result would be obtained, I confessed myself "done," without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing, when one of his companions chucked him a pebble, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backward, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards or so in length; after which the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning top, a stone and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire! If the wise reader regrets so much space being occupied by such a story, let him pass it on to the children, foolish as myself, who will be glad to read it.—*Peeps at the Far East. By Norman Macleod.*

☞Every true thought is a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatever, for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream and strengthen the general current.

Our Young Folks' Column.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

I think there are some maxims
Under the sun
Scarce worth preservation;
But here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple,
'Tis worth while to know;
And all in the single line,
"Hoe your own row!"

If you want to have riches,
And want to have friends,
Don't trample the means down,
And look for the ends;
But always remember,
Wherever you go,
The wisdom of practising
"Hoe your own row!"

Don't just sit and pray
For increase of your store,
But work; who helps himself
Heaven helps more.
The weeds, while you are sleeping,
Will come up and grow;
But if you would have the
Full ear, you must hoe!

Nor will it do only
To hoe out the weeds;
You must make your ground mellow,
And put in the seeds.
And when the young blade
Pushes through, you must know
There's nothing will strenthen
Its growth like the hoe.

There's no use saying,
"What will be, will be."
Once try it, my lack-brain,
And see what you'll see!
Why, just small potatoes,
And few in a row;
You'd better take hold, then,
And honestly hoe!

A good many workers
I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
Some builders of rhyme;
And that they were prospered;
Were prospered, I know
By the intent and meaning of
"Hoe your own row!"

I've known, too, a good many
Idlers who said,
"I've a right to my living;
The world owes me bread."
A right they have taken,
A thousand times No!
'Tis his, and his only,
Who hoes his own row!

—*Merry's Museum.*

A Nice Girl.

Though that desir